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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 193

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Ballot-Box Boycott, 196
The Luxury of Frankness, 196
Vanishing Reparations, 197
The Opera of the Poor, 198

Where Angels Tread, by Finn Anderson, 198
Modern Hebrew Writers, by Joseph T. Shipley, 199
Bal Musette, by Cuthbert Wright, 201

The Woman Who Misunderstood Life, by Alexander Harvey, 203
Phantom, by Gerhart Hauptmann, 205

MUSIC

The Pittsfield Festival, by Daniel Gregory Mason, 207

THE THEATRE

A Symbolic Melodrama, by Roderick Seidenberg, 208

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The City of Opportunities, by J. S. S., jun., 210; We Stand Uncorrected, by F. W. Hochscheid, 210; Misrepresented Germany, by Hanns Heinz Ewers, 210; If You Don't Watch Out, by D. I., 210.

BOOKS

Elizabeth's English Garden, by Maurice Francis Egan, 211
A Prisoner of Fleet Street, by Robert L. Duffus, 212
An English Samson, by Llewelyn Powys, 212
The Art of Love, by Lewis Mumford, 213
Shorter Notices, 214

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 214

We prefer to believe that these pacifists are themselves so honest and well-intentioned that they find it hard to get through their head that the foreign policy of the United States is not as honest and well-intentioned as they are. In opposing a big military establishment, or as Mr. Weeks puts it, "undermining the ability of their own country to protect itself," they are doing a vain thing, a foolish thing, and when the crucial time comes, they will always find themselves, as in 1917, brushed contemptuously out of the way by some Wilson or Weeks. We wish we could prevail on them to see that the flag follows the foreign policy, and to focus their energy on such a change in foreign policy as will render a military establishment superfluous. As long as Mr. Weeks can keep us thinking about the army and navy, he has got us where he wants us; when we once begin to think about imperialism, its causes and processes, and its roots in the system of domestic land-monopoly, then we begin to get Mr. Weeks where we want him.

CURRENT COMMENT.

MR. HARDING seems to be a believer in the principle of self-determination for Cabinet-members. While he and the Secretary of the Treasury talk hopefully of the necessity for economy, and the Secretary of Commerce serves warning on debtor-nations that they may expect no mercy from us as long as they insist on maintaining expensive military establishments, the Secretary of the Navy demands larger appropriations, and the Secretary of War weeps over the advances of pacifism and declares that unless he is permitted to spend much more of the taxpayers' money, our enemies will presently fall upon us and wrest away our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honour. With one eye citizens may feast on propaganda of the State Department to the effect that the four-Power treaty negotiated at the Washington conference inaugurated a new era of friendship and brotherly love among the nations, while the other eye will pop out with alarm over Secretary Weeks's statement that the signs of the times are ominous, and the sooner we get thoroughly armed and drilled for the next inevitable conflict, the better will be our position to enjoy it to the full when it comes.

THE Secretary of War made a speech last week at the Army and Navy Club, in which he warned the country against the dangers and follies of unpreparedness. To our way of thinking, Mr. Weeks is right. It is the foreign policy of a country that determines the size and character of its military establishment; and if the present foreign policy of adventurous imperialism is to be kept up, it is sheerly silly not to have the weapons to back it. Mr. Weeks is a banker by trade, and therefore he knows better than the majority the dangers and disadvantages of which he speaks. Pacifism is all right, and we are pacifists; but it is a matter of common sense to see that pacifism is a doctrine for honest persons and honest nations only. *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus* is as sound a principle now as when Horace formulated it. A nation of honest intentions and with no crime on its conscience needs no army or navy; but a nation which goes in for buccaneering imperialism needs as big a military establishment as it can get, and needs to keep it up to the very minute.

THIS is where we think our brother pacifists make a mistake. Mr. Weeks uses harsh terms towards them, and while we deplore his language, we have to admit regretfully that there is a great deal of point in what he says.

WHILE on the subject of good men gone wrong, we may remark that there is no set of people more easily exploitable than the people of the Protestant churches in this country. We are reminded of this by a circular issuing from the Federal Council of Churches with reference to the situation in the Near East. We wish it could be remembered that the stimulation and management of Protestant zeal has been for ages and generations a recognized department of the technique of foreign policy. Great Britain has used it systematically and diligently for years, with immense success. The missionaries and the Bible Societies have been (innocently enough) as important factors in the progress of British imperialism as the rum-pedlar and the opium-trader. The remark of von Bülow about the part played by "the damned missionaries" in enabling the German Government to seize Kiaochow is well-known. We wish—and we are afflicted with a despondent sense of the utter vanity of the wish—that Protestant churchmen would not commit themselves in this matter of the Near East until they are a good deal surer than they now are of what it is that they are espousing.

THE enforcement of prohibition has reached the acme of absurdity, we should say, although we are aware that its potential resources in absurdity are incalculable. The Treasury Department is waiting for a ruling of the Supreme Court (which will not be forthcoming until after the election) before enforcing Mr. Daugherty's view of the law's applicability to foreign ships, and before trying to make a *modus vivendi* between our law and the French and Belgian laws governing the crew's wine-ration, and the English law which provides for the carrying of a certain ration of brandy as part of a passenger-vessel's pharmaceutical equipment. During a raid in the Bronx the other day, a mob of five hundred persons pelted the enforcement-officers with mud and bricks. The retiring director of the prohibition-forces in this district, Mr. Day, has refused to testify in the grand jury's investigation of a scandal of the first magnitude, unless granted immunity—such, at least, is the statement, so far uncontradicted, of the assistant district-attorney. Every day seems to bring forth some new evidence of the utterly corrupt and farcical character of this repulsive experiment in sumptuary legislation. The French and English papers are discussing reprisals which we trust will be put into effect as the only means we know of whereby those responsible for this colossal stupidity can be put in their place.

JUDGE HAND's decision, however, has sustained the Attorney-General's opinion that American ships must be bone-dry, wherever they may roam; and thus Mr. Harding's pet scheme of a ship-subsidy gets a powerful boost. If all concerned had been in the pay of the British shipping-interests, they could not have done a better turn for the English merchant marine. As things now stand, it will be distinctly up to all the dry congressmen to vote for the ship-subsidy steal; and the American shipping-interests can be counted upon to make the most of their grievance and to pose before the country as shorn lambs, demanding that the wind be tempered by doles knaved out of the taxpayers' pockets. They may be counted upon to declare that if the Government expects them to operate under such disadvantageous conditions, the Government ought to indemnify them for the handicap. In all, it is a very pretty formula for keeping us pure and moral at the expense of the Government; and as Remy de Gourmont observes, when morality gets into the saddle, one may look for utterly loathsome consequences.

CHANCELLOR WIRTH has proposed that Germany go into bankruptcy, which is a good move, though rather too late to count. For our part, we never thought the "policy of fulfilment" a wise one. We believed at the time, and still believe, that if Germany had backed von Brockdorf-Rantzau in refusing to sign the treaty of Versailles, the world would have been spared a great deal of its long-drawn-out distress and trouble. Nevertheless, the "policy of fulfilment" has had the advantage of working itself out to a demonstrated impossibility, and it is now clear to anyone that further persistence in it is simply infecting the air of all Europe and America with economic pestilence. It has become clear that the situation in Central Europe is practical and economic, not political; and as long as political considerations are allowed to prevail over horse-sense and sound economics, so long will it go steadily from bad to worse. If at the conclusion of the armistice, all the politicians and parliamentary bodies had been banished from Europe and the United States and kept incommunicado on some remote island for a period of two years, the settlement would have gone forward much more promptly and satisfactorily than it has gone.

SUCH, at least, has always been our view, and we have never been backward about expressing it. We are now much pleased to remark the corroboration of this view furnished by Sir George Paish. Speaking at the Waldorf-Astoria before the American Manufacturers' Export Association, this eminent economist said that "the statesmen of all nations are indeed engaged in a common effort to prevent the nations from meeting their obligations to each other, and thus reducing the whole world to bankruptcy." That is precisely the size of it. In all that we have said about politicians and their motives, we never spoke with greater severity or with more exact justice. Sir George went on to say that "already the policy of the statesmen of Europe is fast bringing the strongest nations of Europe to ruin, and before long the statesmen of the other nations of the world, if permitted to do so, will bring their countries into a similar condition." Exactly; and we, fortunately, are in a position to say plainly what Sir George as a visiting stranger could only intimate, that no statesmen will do this trick more handily and quickly than those now in Washington.

THE British election-campaign has developed into a windy free-for-all in which the Conservatives are posing effectively as the bulwark against war, Lloyd George and the boggy of bolshevism; Mr. Lloyd George is draping himself in the flag as the one and only saviour of England and civilization; Mr. Asquith and his Wee-Free colleagues are weeping manfully, and the Labourites are protesting that the mild pink streak in their programme is meaningless and if they secure the Government they have no intention of doing anything. It is clear that by right of having put the skids under Mr. Lloyd George, the Conservatives hold the most favoured position, even though the announce-

ment of Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet of titled mediocrities met with a poor reception in the press. It seems curious that any editor should have expected anything better than the new Premier's selections. Any British Cabinet that could be selected to-day by any British party could be swapped for a Democratic or Republican Cabinet, and neither nation would be the gainer unless by an unforeseen bit of luck some of the political incumbrances got lost in transit.

THE British Labour-party programme seems to be attracting an undue amount of attention. We suspect that if the party in its present timorous state of mind and under its present leadership were unexpectedly boosted into power, the only result would be the doubtful blessing of an extension of bureaucracy. In the domestic field the proposed capital-levy on private fortunes would doubtless prove helpful in clearing up a large slice of the war-debt, but in the realm of practical politics, we doubt that it is more than a pious dream. "Independence" for Egypt and some sort of autonomy for India sound well enough, but we suspect that independence means a Free State with financial control in the City; and the establishment of a native legislature in India under British machine-guns would signify nothing. British labour-party leaders seem to have touching faith in the efficacy of calling imperialism by another name. On the other hand the party is commendably realistic about German reparations, and it recognizes that such questions as that of the Dardanelles can not be settled without Russia. Not the least noteworthy element in its campaign-philosophy is its recognition of the fact that domestic prosperity is bound up with access to the land. In spite of the party's hesitation, its reliance on vague phrases and its incorrigible parliamentarianism, it serves as a reflector for some ideas of real economic value.

THE Italian Commissioner of Emigration has just published a bulletin which gives a thoughtful person the best possible bird's-eye view of the state of the world. For many years the Government of Italy has organized emigration. Rather than give the use of the land of Italy to the people of Italy, it has, like all other Governments, been staunchly on the side of monopoly and preferred to send its people out to be exploited in the industries of other countries, bring their money back, if they could accumulate any, and spend it at home for the further security and enrichment of Italian landlords. In pursuit of this stepmotherly notion, the Government has organized emigration very thoroughly. Recently the commissioner in charge of this bureau drew up a survey of industrial conditions in thirty-nine countries, for the benefit of intending emigrants; and not a single one of the thirty-nine countries showed sufficient chance of employment to make it advisable for Italian workmen to pull up stakes and go there.

THE list of countries includes Great Britain, Canada, the South American nations, Greece, Yugoslavia, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, the Scandinavian Kingdoms, Spain, Mexico—pretty much everything except China, Japan and India, where obviously there is no great demand for labour. Our new immigration-laws made it unnecessary to say much about this country. Everywhere there is the same story of a superfluity of labour. All the South American countries report extreme paralysis of industry, and all the countries of Europe which are doing anything at all, have more than enough labour for whatever industry is going on. We do not know any better commentary than this bulletin furnishes upon the prophecies of prosperity that so regularly find their way into our newspapers. Optimism is one thing but Pollyannaism is another. We should like to believe that good times are just around the corner, and we are willing to do anything in reason to encourage ourselves and our friends, but when we look over such an exhibit as the one that the Italian commissioner has put before us, we feel bound to wonder where on earth prosperity is coming from.

WE wonder also whether there is anyone so green or so purblind as to suppose that the land of these thirty-nine countries is not ample to support in comfort, nay, in luxury, all the people that they have, and all besides that Italy could send them. The idea is absurd. If the people could only get at the land of those countries without paying some monopolist for access to it, there would be no unemployment and no trouble about industry. It is paying the monopolist that counts. The people have plenty of labour that they are ready and eager to dispose of; the thirty-nine countries have plenty of land to which that labour could be applied. If it were so applied, it would produce wealth enough for all hands to live on and ask no odds of anybody. But between the labour and the land stands the monopolist, the landowner or landlord, who will not permit the labour to get at the land except on payment of his price, which labour can not afford to pay—and there you are. It strikes us that this showing of thirty-nine countries is about enough to warrant a good deal of insistence that there is no such thing as a labour-problem, that the so-called labour-problem is a land-problem and nothing but a land-problem—the American Federation of Labour and the monopolists, liberals, uplifters and sociologists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

AFTER conducting for some months a programme of murder, arson and destruction of property, directed against those who disagree with them, with occasional sorties to dissolve some local regime that displeased them, those middle-class direct-actionists, the Fascisti, finally decreed that unless the Government of Italy was turned over to them, they would take it by force. In response to their curt demand the Government, which apparently was able to make virtually no effort to check the Fascisti lawlessness, promptly resigned, and now Signor Mussolini, after a conference with the intrepid d'Annunzio, has formed a Government composed of his followers with a sprinkling of amiable Nationalists. Signor Mussolini has kissed the King's hand, the crowds have cheered and the hands played, his followers have smashed the plants of the remaining newspapers in active opposition, and thus, with an almost bewildering swiftness, the country has succumbed to the mastery of this remarkable young political climber. Apparently Italy now faces the jolly prospect of being ruled by a muddled Rotarian idealism enforced by the doubtful methods of the Black-and-Tans.

THIS might seem to be a parlous situation; yet we must remember that the country which a humorous creative Geographer shaped like a boot in the act of kicking with force and violence, has ample historical precedent for direct action, or, one might say, direct reaction. The Fascisti have only thirty-five seats of the 535 in the Italian Chamber, so their popular mandate is hardly convincing, but they are said to have a prætorian guard numbering 350,000, and that was undoubtedly a very convincing argument in their demand for power. We suspect that after they have taken over the Government, their dissolution may be as spectacular as their rise to power. It is much easier to play Robin Hood than to be the King. A programme based on force at home and imperialism abroad, and not much of anything else, is likely to breed trouble from the underlying population as well as from the neighbours, for, unfortunately for the romantic gun-toters, people can not live by force and imperialism alone. They have to get something to eat.

MANY times during the years since the war, we have heard reports of agrarian reforms in the countries of the *cordon sanitaire*, and yet we had no idea how extensive these changes were until we came across an illuminating article on the subject in the London *Economist*. "All along the Western border of Bolshevik Russia," says our informant, "a peasant-proprietary is either established or in process of establishment." Between the reforms described by the *Economist* and those that have been carried through in Soviet Russia, we note two striking

differences. In Russia the Government retains title to the monopoly-value of agricultural lands and other natural resources, and collects at least a part of the economic rent in the form of taxes; in the border States, on the other hand, the general tendency is to convert the peasants into full owners of the soil, as well as the improvements—that is, into petty monopolists, as well as petty cultivators. Again, the lands of Russia are held for the most part by village communities, within which there is some measure of co-operation, while the reforms in the new States are generally favourable to individual holding and cultivation.

ONCE the peasant is established in full ownership and complete isolation, he tends to become the most solid of conservatives. Because he is himself a monopolist, in a small way, he will usually resist any attempt to do away with monopoly in general. Because he is at once a capitalist and a self-directed worker, he has no patience with the restlessness of industrial labourers who can never own their tools or direct their daily activities until they effect some form of co-operative organization. In these times, the monopolist-capitalist-labourer on the peasant-homestead survives as one of the staunchest defenders of an economic system that rewards him none too generously, and keeps the industrial perennially on the ragged edge of ruin.

WE gather from the seemingly endless "Reds in America" phantasmagoria published in the Boston *Transcript* that our Government and our institutions are about to vanish. American universities, we remark, are already in the hands of the Bolsheviks, the moving pictures are highly organized for communist propaganda, a great number of clergymen and attorneys have embraced Red doctrines, and all sorts of respectable persons, including former Cabinet officers, are contributing liberally to the insidious propaganda of Lenin and Trotsky. The communists have established a powerful organization calling itself the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which is attempting to bulldoze candidates for office into the adoption of Bolshevik doctrine by bombarding them with a questionnaire containing such pernicious queries as "Will you favour increased Federal appropriations for education?" and "Will you work and vote for a clean-cut corrupt-practices act which will put an end to Newberryism?" According to the *Transcript*, the attempt to impeach that noble patriot Attorney-General Daugherty, "is all a part of the communist and radical fight against the courts and the country."

ALL these Red miscreants are constantly making secret trips, holding secret conferences and issuing secret manifestoes. The *Transcript* gives us the text of one secret agreement drawn up in Moscow last summer whereby the Russian Red Cross was empowered to act as agent for Russian musical and theatrical artists who desired to come to America—all for the purpose of overthrowing our Government. This secret agreement was negotiated by Mr. Paxton Hibben, who, with Mr. Art Young, Mr. Charles Chaplin and Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, is numbered among the leaders of the vast Red conspiracy. Mr. Hibben writes us that the "secret" agreement was publicly made and copies were immediately furnished to all American correspondents at Moscow, but we are confident that little things like facts will not halt the *Transcript* in its saving work.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE BALLOT-BOX BOYCOTT.

THE annual election is upon us, and as we go to press those citizens in the various States who are interested in such things are about to cast their votes to select a new membership for the House of Representatives, to replace one-third of the United States Senators and to choose an assortment of State Governors and minor political riff-raff.

Reports from various parts of the country indicate a marked falling off in registration and a general lack of interest in the electoral comedy. This is a natural reaction against the line of political shoddy offered by the salesmen of both major parties during the past few years. Custom is falling off, and in political affairs in this country a minority rules because fully half of the qualified electors no longer take the trouble to register their choice for the various dummies selected for their approval.

In 1920 Mr. Harding secured sixty per cent of the votes cast. This was an unprecedented majority, as such things go, for there was a great outpouring of citizens intent on the negative solace of casting their ballots against a condition of political putrefaction that had become more of a common nuisance than decency could stand. Yet scarcely half of the electors were moved to avail themselves of expression at the polls, and in fact Mr. Harding's vote represented only thirty per cent of the total eligible electors. Indeed the presidential election of 1920 marked a new low record of public enthusiasm in such affairs. Back in 1884, when Cleveland defeated Blaine, about seventy-five per cent of the electorate cast their ballots. In succeeding presidential years the proportion showed a slight decline, but even in 1916 fully seventy per cent of the voters were answering the call. Then came the golden years of political buncombe, cynical idealism, wholesale profiteering and soaring taxes. As a result, in 1920 the response of the voters dropped to a mere fifty per cent. It is true that the ranks of the eligible voters were greatly increased over those of 1916 by the woman's-suffrage amendment, but if we estimate the women's vote at only eight million¹ of the nearly twenty-seven million ballots cast, we still have the fact that in the male vote alone only about sixty per cent of those available for the franchise cast their ballots.

In our opinion this significant depletion of interest in political government is altogether encouraging. America is traditionally a voting nation, and it is not so long ago that the failure to vote was considered a reflection on one's good citizenship. The fact that half our electors have become conscientious abstainers as far as voting is concerned, indicates a widespread realization of the advanced stage of moral bankruptcy attained by our political parties. As this awakening becomes more and more general a complete revaluation of values in this field must inevitably loom up and the twilight of the politician will spread from the horizon. It is probable that at the present rate of progress the children or grandchildren of the citizens of to-day will be enforcing virtually a boycott of political processes, and under that condition the end of the incubus of political rascality will be in sight.

The marked falling off in the registration this year indicates that three electors out of every five have

decided that voting is not worth while. If we take the impending senatorial elections as a gauge, it becomes plain that no national issues are involved. They have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise, for party-platforms have so long been used merely as springes to catch woodcocks that even slow-witted birds pass them by.

In New Jersey and Ohio, rum is the principal factor in the senatorial fight, though the outcome in no case affects the aridity or wetness of the country. In each of three States, California, Missouri and Wisconsin, the personality of one candidate is the sole issue. In Massachusetts where the Democrats in their wisdom selected a candidate of the same calibre and character as Mr. Lodge, the choice is a Tweedledee-Tweedledum affair. In New York Mr. Murphy picked as the Democratic candidate a physician who obviously has devoted no more attention to national affairs than the present senatorial incumbent, Mr. Calder, whose sole claim to distinction is a hearty hand-shaking ability which he cultivated in the real-estate business.

These are samples of the mock battles that have been conducted throughout the country in the name of politics. If some lonely warrior like Mr. La Follette occasionally injects an element of reality into the discussion, the newspapers carefully ignore the breach of good form. Political buncombe is all very well as long as it creates an illusion. Here in America we have had an over-supply. The majority of the voters no longer trouble to give it attention, and even among the politicians there seems to be a disposition to be utterly cynical about it. The new Congress is being elected largely by default. It is nearly a century and a half since we took up arms against the idea of taxation without representation. Since that time a deal of dirty water has run under our political bridges and we have now before us the curious phenomenon of the majority of our citizens and taxpayers refusing to take a practical interest in a farcical system of representation that does not represent.

THE LUXURY OF FRANKNESS.

COMMENTING last week upon the attitude of Great Britain and France towards those erstwhile thugs and murderers, the Soviet Government, we signified our intention to give some publicity this week to what the Soviet Government is saying about France and Great Britain. Since we made this promise, Premier Lenin has given out an interview in which, among other things, he said that the attitude of Russia towards France and England had not changed. We think this is true. As we see it, the difference between the Russian attitude towards the Western Governments and the attitude of those Governments towards Russia has consisted in this: that whereas the Western Governments regarded the members of the Soviet Government as thieves and assassins whom, therefore, the moral nations of the West could under no circumstances recognize or deal with, the members of the Soviet Government regarded the Governments of the West as thieves and assassins with whom they were quite willing to deal, since it was necessary to deal with them in order to set up economic intercourse with their peoples. The Russians have been perfectly outspoken about their attitude from the first; it is sincere and it has been justified by their own experience; therefore they have no need to change their policy. The Western Governments, on the other hand, adver-

¹ There are no exact figures for distinguishing the respective numbers of male and female voters. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt's estimate of ten million women's votes cast in 1920 seems somewhat generous.

tised the Soviet Government to their peoples as a gang of cutthroats, in order to get popular support in their attempts to throttle Soviet Russia, which represented an idea of which they were mortally afraid. These attempts having failed, and the economic and political boycott of Russia having become impracticable, they are now obliged to overcome the popular prejudice they were so zealous in creating, by finding the Russians amiable, good people. This change of heart is no doubt extremely amusing to the Russians.

The Russians are realists. They know that it is fear which makes predatory Governments polite. They have had ample proof of this in their five years of experience with the predatory Governments of the West. They know that they would never have been amiable people and worth cultivating as friends if the counter-revolutionary armies backed by the Allies had not, one by one, met with disaster. They know, too, that since the Allies are forced to be polite, and are polite only when they are forced to be so, they will be polite whether or not they like the language which members of the Soviet Government use to characterize them. Therefore the Russians never hesitate to speak their mind very frankly about the Governments of the West.

The length to which they carry this frankness is shown in some acute and undiplomatic strictures of Karl Radek upon Allied policy in the Near East. We lift them from a leaflet entitled *International Press Correspondence* which we receive now and then from Berlin. So far as we know, the American papers have passed over these strictures in silence, although Radek is in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs and is one of the star publicity-men of the Soviet Government. Fancy one of Mr. Hughes's subordinates commenting on the foreign policy of France and England, and defining the foreign policy of this country, and not getting himself quoted in every newspaper from Spitzbergen to Bombay—and getting himself dismissed from his post in double-quick time. M. Radek began with a few remarks about the change of tone towards the Turks, shown in the Allied note of 23 September inviting the Kemalists to a conference. Six weeks earlier, said Radek, Lloyd George had declared that Turkey must be annihilated. Now the Turks had suddenly become "members of cultured humanity."

The amiable note of the Allies was probably read with great pleasure in Turkey. But they draw strange conclusions therefrom, namely: that the cultured people adopt cultured language towards the Eastern peoples precisely at the moment when the barbarian East is holding the butts [*sic!*] of its rifles under the nose of the cultured people. The whole of the East, the Middle East as well as the Near East, follow the notes of the Allies with the greatest attention, and will not fail to make use of the lesson as to how Turkey forced the English to politeness.

If this statement found its way into the British Foreign Office we can imagine that it caused cold chills to run up and down some official spines. M. Radek went on to make a few remarks about the invitation of Turkey into the League of Nations, and to air concerning that august body some opinions which show just how free these Russians feel in commenting upon the cherished institutions of their neighbours. "The invitation to Turkey into the League of Nations," he remarks, "means the invitation of the ox to the butcher's."

After the victory of the Turkish arms, it is no longer possible for either England or France to grant a mandate on the Dardanelles. One must put the thing somewhat more amiably. Turkey will be accepted into the League of Nations, after which the League of Nations will authorize the English or French fleet to watch over the Dardanelles. As no other

Power will have the right to maintain a fleet there, the Dardanelles will thus remain in the hands of England and France.

Here we think M. Radek is somewhat in error. We do not believe that the amiable Allies mean any good to Turkey by the invitation into their League of Puppets; but neither do we believe that their purpose is to keep the Dardanelles in the hands of England and France. England and France, in this case, are not acting together; far from it. They are playing against one another for control of the natural resources of the Near East; the question, therefore, is not of Allied control, but whether the Near East shall be exploited by British or French concessionaires. The apparent irreconcilability of these interests leads us to anticipate that whatever be the nominal settlement, the actual control of the Dardanelles will once more fall into the hands of the Turk. For these same reasons we disagree with M. Radek's statement that the Allies are merely stalling for time until British reinforcements can arrive, when English terms will be dictated to the Turks. We do not think the Allies are above this sort of thing; but again the conflict of their interests precludes it.

When it comes to the matter of Russian policy in the Near East M. Radek—apparently with the consent of his Government—is quite as outspoken as on Allied policy:

The reasons for Soviet Russia's support of Turkey . . . do not consist in purely humanitarian and other beautiful things, which wares are only offered in English markets. We say it quite frankly because we can permit ourselves the luxury of this frankness. Soviet Russia is actuated by quite egotistical motives. In the first place everything that strengthens the peoples of the East who are suppressed and exploited by international imperialism also strengthens Soviet Russia which is threatened by the same danger. In the second place, Soviet Russia has a great interest that the grain-ships bound for Russia and the ships conveying naphtha destined for sale in the Western European market are not held up by order of the English Admiralty.

We can permit ourselves the luxury of this frankness—that is the secret of Russian foreign policy; the Russian Government is not acting as catspaw for privileges; its interests abroad are simply those of honest commerce: therefore it can permit itself the luxury of frankness in its dealings with other nations, and incidentally it can give their politicians some uncomfortable moments. We sometimes wonder whether the harassed thimbliggers in the Foreign Offices of Western Europe do not now and then cast an envious glance towards the untrammelled *Realpolitiker* of the Soviet Government, who, securely entrenched behind the principle of honest production and honest exchange, seems to get such huge enjoyment from throwing stones into the glass houses of his neighbours.

VANISHING REPARATIONS.

SIR GEORGE PAISH, purveyor of wholesome truths, is here with the message that the statesmen are bringing Europe to ruin, and to give point to his words the cables bring us the news that Chancellor Wirth and the German Cabinet have been seriously discussing the advisability of declaring Germany bankrupt. While the Allied politicians have been wrangling for the most favoured position, the mark has followed the Russian rouble and tumbled into virtual worthlessness, and the time has arrived when the indemnity-bill of \$26½ billion, demanded by the French die-hards, seems scarcely more absurd than the maximum of \$10 million not very urgently suggested by the moderate Mr. Maynard Keynes.

"A great foreign debt has been unloaded on Germany for reparations," the British economist told the optimists of the American Manufacturers' Export Association, "a debt entirely beyond her power to meet. The sum is indeed so great that it has destroyed whatever power she would otherwise have possessed of assisting the war-injured nations to obtain the credit they needed for the purpose of reconstruction."

It will be recalled that when the war ended and left the taxpayers in the Allied countries face to face with the naked burden of governmental indebtedness, the statesmen who shaped the peace were at once too cautious and too greedy to come to grips with reality on the question of the German indemnity. For them it was pleasanter, and safer, to leave the whole matter in a vague golden haze, and to keep assuring themselves and their constituents that somewhere and in some mysterious manner the huge debit totals in the various victor countries could all be balanced nicely by streams of gold wrung from the Fortunatus purse of the vanquished. The indemnity hung over Germany like an unknown doom, and every time the Allied politicians sought to buck up the drooping spirits of the taxpayers at home by a fresh burst of optimism on the extent to which Germany could be squeezed, the economic situation in the new Republic took on a darker and less promising hue.

It is plain that the recent conferences of representatives of the collector-Governments have accomplished nothing towards solving the problem of how to keep Germany at once solvent and helpless, a problem which is somewhat like that of eating one's cake and having it too. Even clever and dispassionate persons, working together, would have difficulty with such a riddle; the Allied politicians are neither, and their natural propensity to pick one another's pockets while they are amiably conferring has hardly helped them in the job of shaking down Germany.

Perhaps Germany has been muddled into bankruptcy; perhaps the German political leaders, who are as unreliable as any other politicians, are playing 'possum. In any case it is apparent that the reparations will have to be collected out of that mythical pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow. Even if Chancellor Wirth is play-acting, the financial situation in Germany and throughout the Continent is serious enough to call for doctoring by the best economic minds the world can muster. Unfortunately the diagnosticians in charge are as ignorant and crooked as band of pirates as ever scuttled a continent, and as long as European Governments remain essentially what they are there is no prospect of any improvement in this calamitous personnel.

THE OPERA OF THE POOR.

IN a signed article which appeared some weeks ago in this paper, it was pointed out that the Soviet Government's policy of disendowing the Orthodox Church, and at the same time releasing it from political control, had found a certain amount of support in Russia among the friends as well as the enemies of religion. This policy seems to us to promote the liberation of thought, which we regard as in itself a desirable thing. The value which we set upon freedom does not depend in any way upon the use that may be made of it in any given case, and yet we have recently been reminded by a very impressive personal experience that an emanci-

pation such as is now going forward in Russia may involve the loss of much that is fine and good.

Not long since, we presented ourselves at a Russian church at the time of the celebration of the Eucharist. The richness of the setting, the dramatic quality of the ceremony, and above all the delicate texture and the majestic movement of the music recalled to us the famous saying of Voltaire, that the mass is the opera of the poor. Whatever may be the other merits and defects of the Russian Orthodox Church, it is worth remembering that many millions of its followers have never known elsewhere anything so beautiful as its service. The faithful have been taught to solace themselves with the promise of other-worldly joys; they have been put off, as Engels said, with checks on the bank of heaven; and yet they have not been altogether without their reward on earth.

To anyone who has lived under the shadow of a gaunt and thin-lipped Protestantism, it is plain enough that "the religion called Reformed" offers no adequate substitute for the æsthetic values of the ancient ritual; and apparently it is towards Protestantism that a part at least of the Russian Orthodox community is headed. Disestablishment and disendowment have prepared the way, it seems, for reformation and partition. One party of churchmen favours a simplification of the service; another wishes to restore the primitive Christianity of apostolic times; and there is of course a party which opposes any sort of change. In this situation, it is to be expected that there will presently arise in Russia a number of new cults, some of which will be as unlovely in all their ways as are the Western Protestant bodies with which we are familiar.

Also it appears likely that in the course of this reformation, a great many people will be alienated from every form of organized religion, whether new or old; and this, of course, is what the Marxian materialists most desire. Across the street from one of the most important shrines in Moscow, they have set up a signboard which bears a quotation from Karl Marx that contrasts strangely with Voltaire's remark upon the Eucharist. "Religion," runs the quotation, "is opium for the people."

This statement simply disregards the fact that the observances of the older forms of organized religion held a place in the life of the masses which materialism, like Protestantism, has thus far been quite unable to fill. It is impressively true that most of the people who have thrown over the liturgical religions never come in contact, in the whole course of their lives, with anything so beautiful as the ceremonies which were once the common property of Christendom. In America, the Sunday paper, the afternoon joy-ride, the amusement-park, and the movies certainly provide no substitute for the opera of the poor, and yet they are the only institutions which approach the ancient Church in the generality of their influence. In Western Europe, the dissident masses are not quite so much affected by æsthetic undernourishment, but their situation is bad enough. Whatever the people may have gained in freedom and in truth, the loss of beauty remains for the most part unrepaired; and in the face of the failure of the West, it remains for the revolutionary East to show whether or not that loss is altogether irreparable.

WHERE ANGELS TREAD.

IN Mr. Rudyard Kipling's heaven, there will be real saints from which to paint. Out in God's Country, as the accepted lover of the elder young lady of the family, I too have real saints. Indeed, I have moved freely among them for the last three months, wiped the dishes after dinner, punched

a new hole in the strap of Priscilla's roller skates, passed judgment on Mother's new dress, judged Mr. Birmingham's cigars, and come and gone quite freely at all hours. But the scene last night contained a few new wrinkles and some revelations.

The trouble began as long ago as 1917 and came to its head a week before the late primaries. All the business men of Wisconsin were in arms, and those in Chanut particularly so, especially after the first news of the vote. They had declared that they were fighting that socialistic anarchist, the senior senator, to the finish, that they had "taken off their hats and coats to whip him, and to save their homes and property and American Democracy." They defined no terms, but they were exultingly fierce, and they said that they "were willing to pledge any amount of money for his defeat." I went down Main Street and stared in the windows, but the only shirt-sleeves I could see were in a tailor's shop and a dry-cleaning emporium. Then, after the landslide, some fellow-citizen wrote a poem, which appeared in the *Daily Blot's* "Voice of the People" in which every stanza ended:

"The business men have taken off their coats,
(To play golf at the country club.)"

or

"The business men have taken off their coats,
(To go swimming in the 'Y' pool.)"

There was much angry muttering over these wicked insinuations, albeit it was confined discreetly to business circles. The population of Chanut, about twenty thousand, is, for the most part, made up of working people, and names openly used have been known to bring down the pressure of the boycott.

So, the great opportunity to even up the score was to come on Armistice Day, and my fiancée's father, "Honest Jim" Birmingham, was to do the batting. Verily, it was prophesied that he would hit a home run in every paragraph.

On this occasion we were gathered in the living-room. Priscilla shook back her fluffy hair, and plunged recklessly into the discussion.

"Let's have the part of the speech that's already written."

"Oh let's!" said Clairette with enthusiasm. "It's so fascinating to think of moulding public opinion. Don't you think so?" I thought it was.

Mrs. Birmingham beamed her acquiescence from every fold of her fleshy face. Unity ruled the family.

The man of the house rose, pulled an envelope from his inside pocket, threw back his shoulders, and began to read:

"Mr. Chairman, friends, fellow-citizens, we are met on the solemn occasion of Armistice Day! No words, acts, or deeds of ours can signify the feeling we feel towards our boys who finished the great task on this day. It will ring down the annals of history as a time of great achievement. Had I the oratory to proudly herald forth their heroic spirit, I would play upon your souls like as the skilled organist runs his fingers over the keys and pours out a triumphant anthem of joy and triumph. I have no such talent, I am only one from among you, but I can not let this august opportunity pass without paying tribute to those who so gallantly bore their part, the soldier in the trenches, the employer and employee in the factory, the women in the Red Cross stations."

"How's that for a beginning?" he stated rather than asked. "I don't know but what a quotation from the Bible or the Constitution or Lincoln might make a good starter."

"O, don't use any of them," said his wife, "they're so Main Streety. Keep it just the way it is."

"Don't you think it's unique?" Clairette turned to me, her eyes bright with excitement.

"It will be the most unique thing ever said in the Northwest Territory," I agreed.

"Go on! Go on!" chorused the daughters.

"But the end of the war has not brought an end to its problems, it has not solved the enigmas of Democracy. We—"

"'Enigmas,' that's a good word!"

"Isn't it though," I answered emphatically.

Mrs. Birmingham leaned toward her elder daughter. "Clairette, do let father proceed."

"We are still in the throes of unrest which follows all wars: business is worried and troubled, industry is out of gear, commerce is—is what? I couldn't think of a word."

"Is—is—" they began, "is at a standstill," shouted Priscilla. "Crossroads," cried Clairette.

Her father filled in the elusive word with his Eversharp pencil. He turned on the tap once more.

"Commerce is at the crossroads. We have seen a proud and powerful nation fall into the hands of anarchists who have dashed it from the dizzy pinnacle on which it once stood.

The tyranny and bloodshed of the Bolsheviks made the famine and disease inevitable. God, in his wrath, has risen up to chastise this people.

"But it isn't only in Russia that lawlessness and licence reign. In our own beloved country there are dangerous foes, a thousand times more dangerous. There are those in high places who stalk this fair land with bombs and deadly gases of propaganda and who would destroy every vestige of government. These agitators who stir up the feelings of the industrial classes, these rash, viperish radicals must all be driven out of the country. The excitement of class against class, of poor man against rich man, must cease. We must—"

"Wait a moment, James! That's a place where a little scripture would sanctify the meaning. Ask: 'Are we not all brethren?'"

"Not a bad idea, my dear."

"Isn't it amusing to strengthen things up that way?" My fiancée's eyes were looking raptly into mine.

"It's killing!" I answered.

"'Are we not all brethren?' The tragedy of the government of our whole people rests upon the shoulders of our senior senator—and you can tell him that I said so."

"That will bring the house to its feet, don't you think?"

Clairette's need for confirmation irritated me.

"It ought to bring the house down," I declared.

"Is that all?" asked Priscilla. It was plain that she had something to add to the oration.

"That's all for this time! What do you think of it, Dell?"

Clairette had evidently inherited her trait.

"It's a masterpiece."

"But there's so much more to put in," said Mrs. Birmingham. "Let's see, I was thinking it over this afternoon. For instance, you didn't egg the Democrats one bit. Then there's a good chance to rub it into Mrs. Horrigan on the Irish Free State. I can just see her boil because she can't get a chance to come back. She's the worst woman to talk back!"

"Yes, and I might have added what our tires did to win the war. It doesn't hurt anybody to stand by one's own colours."

The new Daniel Webster outlined his list of special worries on the back of his last page.

"And, of course, you'll come back to the boys?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh, yes! I'm planning to end by imploring them to stand by the law. That will be my last effort."

"And there's all the suffering from lack of coal because these Italians are so unreasonable. You must get that in," persisted Mrs. Birmingham.

"By the way," said the factory-manager, "were you going to the movies?" He snapped the case of his watch. "You'll have to rush."

On the porch Clairette took my arm.

"Aren't you glad you are going to marry into such a wonderful family?"

"Yes," I was a bit dazed. "It's more wonderful than I had reason to suspect."

A half-hour later the topsy-turvy world of a crazy movie comedy shot me up and out into a saner existence. I believe I prefer this latter paradise to Mr. Kipling's supervised stars or God's Country.

FINN ANDERSON.

MODERN HEBREW WRITERS.

CONTEMPORARY Hebrew writers face, perhaps, greater handicaps than writers in any other language. Where Jews are most numerous they are most hated and—save where it is politically inexpedient—most ignored and isolated. The "enlightened" members of the race, adopting the ways and tongues of their neighbours, come to be ashamed of or to despise their own origins and traditions. The uneducated Hebrews speak only a local variant of Yiddish; while the intelligent are coming to regard the Hebrew tongue as a clinging remnant of the past. Those who have felt the fire of the biblical language still burning in their breasts have had to endure foreign indifference and native opposition. There has, none the less, been a renewed glow, a genuine light from the holy fire, in Hebrew literature.

As in other movements for the revival of a dying tongue—such, for example, as the Gaelic—much of

the early activity took the form of propaganda. Unfavourable influences have withheld attention from Hebrew literature much longer than from the Gaelic, for the "new" movement is now almost two centuries old. Much work of genuine artistic value sprang from the work of the propagandists; to-day, especially in poetry, Hebrew works unequalled since biblical days are being produced.

The agitation which led to the Hebrew revival began in Italy early in the eighteenth century with the rise of a humanism which attempted to draw the Jew away from the clamping Arabic tradition of the Middle Ages, and back to the purity and freedom of the Bible. At the same time the intellectuals were demanding that the learning of the Christian world be accepted, that the Jewish life be enlarged by all that was good beyond the pale. Another group, stimulated by the alarmed rabbis, soon rose in reaction. This party pointed out that the platform of the intellectuals promoted irreverence and dissolution, that it paved the way for assimilation and the end of the Jewish race. Tenacious of all customs and traditions, it refused to accept the gifts of the modern spirit. The result of the activities of the first group was that the most intelligent Jews were forced out of their communities and into Christian ways, away from their own tongue and into the vernacular. Although the second group was active, its work was retarded by racial ignorance and seclusion. Coincidental with Zionism rose the harmonizing conception of the Jews as a body national, but as a spirit universal; as an historic growth, as a steady progression towards the accomplishment of a world-mission. Amid the agitation of these conflicting theories, Hebrew literature was reborn.

The Hebrew language in which these works are written differs but little from the majestic speech of the Bible. There has been no growth through the centuries to change the vulgar tongue; the Bible has always been the main study. A revival of Hebrew means, therefore, with few modifications, merely a revival of the use of the biblical tongue. The differences that exist are due either to the creations of the modern world, demanding new terms, or to the influence of the Talmud, generally operative to produce greater fluidity and ease. Strict adherence to biblical manner and vocabulary resulted in such absurdities as the denunciatory vehemence of Isaiah applied to an idyll of the country-side. Properly, however, Hebrew is to-day as ready an instrument as ever for the tongue of the creative artist, and differs from the language of the Bible less than our own speech differs from that of Shakespeare.

Out of the impulse towards humanism in eighteenth-century Italy came a drama of Samson and Delilah that reproduced the fervour and intensity of the days of the Philistines. It appeared in 1724, the work of a lad of seventeen, Moses Chaim Luzzatto. This was followed by "The Tower of Victory," by the same author, a play which definitely breaks with the tradition of Arabic poetry and returns to the wealth of biblical figure. Luzzatto became more and more convinced of his mission; in 1743 he wrote a morality-play, "Glory to the Righteous." A year later he declared himself the new Messiah. Driven from Italy, he was welcomed in Germany, but eventually turned to Palestine where he died in 1847.

In Germany Luzzatto found humanism developing in two directions, one leading towards assimila-

tion, the other towards a richer Judaism. The philosopher Mendelssohn, fighting the ignorance of the masses, was leader of the group that preferred good German to Yiddish; the poet Wessely was foremost among those who fought for the revival of Hebrew. In that tongue Wessely wrote an "Epic of Moses," in five volumes, a paraphrase comparable to those of the early Christians in England. David Mendes wrote several poems on biblical themes to demonstrate the superiority of Hebrew over the modern tongues, and failed lamentably. Most popular and most valuable of the achievements of this period are the incisive proverbs of Isaac Satanov. "Rule thy spirit lest others rule thy body." "Every living being leaves off reproducing itself in old age, but Falsehood plays the harlot even in her decrepitude."

The Jews in the West were not numerous enough to develop a racial spirit; assimilation worked as rapidly as enlightenment. The grandfather of Ludovic Halévy hailed Napoleon as deliverer, in a strong ode in 1804. With the fall of the Empire, Hebrew literature shrank back to its haunts in the Slav lands of the East.

From 1774, when the *Collector* was organized, until 1885, when *Dawn* ceased publication, the struggle between humanism and Judaism continued. In Galicia the ancient traditions were strongest. After the murder of over half a million Jews in the Cossack rebellion, the *Hasidim* (the pious) swept the people into a mystic subordination of self, an abnegation that became degeneration. From this the scientific Judaism of Solomon Ropoport (1790-1867) and his translations of Racine and of Schiller could not lift them. The scholar Krochmal, who revived the idea of the eternal mission of the Jews, and the philologist-poet, Meyer Halévy Lettris, were likewise too rational to arouse the deeply mystical religious community. Lettris produced some valuable poetry, however, especially in his Zionist efforts; "The Plaintive Dove," for instance, became the national hymn. The most penetrating writer of the period was Isaac Erter, whose satiric portraits of Ghetto life awakened many to its evils.

The first appeal that could reach the masses came again out of Italy, where Samuel D. Luzzatto (1800-1865) strove to inculcate respect for the worth of the Hebrew language and faith. Luzzatto is best known as editor of the great Hebrew masters, and did much more to popularize the tongue. He also made a definite distinction between Hebraism (justice, truth, the good, self-abnegation) and Hellenism (the beautiful, the rational, the sensuous).

Lithuania, perhaps the "only Jewish country in the world," was the stronghold of Jewish intellectual life. There the mothers sang at the cradle "The Torah is the best merchandise"; the Lithuanian *Yeshivot* (academies) were the best in Europe; and the chief Lithuanian rabbi, Elijah the *Gaon* (the genius), maintained that profane knowledge was valuable to the study of the law. In this land one finds the first emphatic protest against Christian persecution; Metchnikov's grandfather exclaimed, "Why do you constantly scrutinize the man to find the Jew in him? Seek but the man in the Jew, and you will surely find him." Here, too, one finds the "Father of Hebrew Poetry," Abraham Lebensohn (1794-1880) and the first master of Hebrew prose, Mordecai Guinzburg. Lebensohn lived the typical existence of the Hebrew author; wretchedly poor, travelling about, teaching, thrusting his work upon

the unwilling notice of the well-to-do. He wrote morality-plays, under the influence of Moses Chaim Luzzatto; his best work is filled with an overflowing pity. Guinzburg is best known for his autobiographical study of Ghetto life; he was followed by a host of imitators, scientists and propagandists, until renewed oppression of the Jews gave another turn to their writings.

In 1831, the University of Vilna was closed; military service was made compulsory; the Terror had started. The rich, who controlled passports and military service through the local synod, bought off their sons at the expense of the poor. Anonymous poems of protest appeared, but the great body of writing became frankly an escape from life, romantic "pastime literature." Kalman Schulman, in 1847, started the flood of foreign translations with Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," of which thousands of copies were sold. Such translations, and original historical romances such as those of Mapu (1808-1867) were the most effective means of popularizing the Bible-tongue. Romanticism in Hebrew was not a turning back, but a way to progress. The great Latin works were translated into Hebrew, and "Othello" and "Paradise Lost" also became available in that language. The increase of familiarity with non-Jewish themes and modes of living could not but arouse interest. The poet Micah J. Lebensohn received a modern education, outside the purely Jewish academies; his "Songs of the Daughter of Zion" breathe a modern spirit into the kingdom of Solomon.

The romantic impulse brought Hebrew in touch with the realism then spreading through European literature. This impulse became evident in "The Hypocrite" (1860), a powerful tale in which Mapu depicts all types of Ghetto fanatic. The last of the humanists, Moses Lilienblum, in his realistic autobiography, "Sins of Youth" (1876), felt the hopelessness of the struggle to harmonize life and religion, to maintain the ancient spiritual ideal in the face of the practical modern spirit. Michael Pines, the last of the old Judaists, continued to write cheerfully and obliviously, denying the claims of modern life, proclaiming that "every just idea ends by conquering humanity." Fortunately two great writers were to aid in rescuing Hebrew literature from this double-edged sword of doom.

Judah Leon Gordon (1830-1892) is the first modern Hebrew writer of great merit. His religious attitude is summed up in the phrase, "Be a Jew at home, a European outside." But his poetry reveals a fervent and sensitive nature, and is written in a highly polished style. A poor lad, product of the Ghetto, it is natural that his pictures of love and nature are second-hand. His satires are cynical and sardonic. "The Dot on the I" is a story of a maiden Bathsheba, married by her father to a shiftless student Hillel; when her father can no longer support him the student disappears. The Ghetto is full of such abandoned wives. Bathsheba is more fortunate; an enlightened Jew, Fabi, comes, and eventually they fall in love. Fabi finds Hillel, and bribes him to take a divorce and a ship for America. Returning triumphantly with his papers, he is dashed to the depths of misery—the rabbi finds the "i" in Hillel undotted; the divorce can not stand. Gordon was deeply affected by the Government restrictions of 1870. He comforts his people thus:

If thieves surprised thee and ravished thine honour, if the hand of the malefactor has prevailed against thee, is it thy fault, my afflicted sister?

Where is thy shame, seeing thy heart is pure and chaste?
Not upon thee falls the shame, but upon thine oppressors.
Thou art white as snow, my afflicted sister.

In his last years his pessimism is complete:

What is our people, and what its writings?
A giant felled to earth, too weak to rise.
The whole earth is his sepulchre.
His books? the epitaph upon his tomb.

To the second important writer of this period, Perez Smolenskin (1842-1885), is due the hopeful spirit of recent Hebrew writing. Magazines had for some time spread Hebrew throughout the Jewish communities of Europe. Between 1820 and 1850 most of these magazines were published in Galicia but later the *Interpreter* became prominent in Odessa; the *Herald* in Lyck, and others in Austria and even Paris. These periodicals were easily swept into every current of Hebrew thought; some were humanistic, others traditional; some became socialistic or Zionistic; most of them welcomed eagerly the mass of translations from modern literature into Hebrew. Indeed, they seemed on the point of going down before the dilemma: awakening and assimilation, or tradition and decay, when Smolenskin published in Vienna the first issue of *Dawn*. Smolenskin attacked the problem by sweeping away the mystical cloak of religion and declaring that the future of Judaism was political and moral; its world-function to continue the prophetic tradition. He preserved the Hebrew language by barring translations from his review and encouraging all kinds of original creative activity; and he himself contributed the most powerful novels yet written in Hebrew. "The Wanderings of Joseph the Orphan" is the Odyssey of the Ghetto. The action is as loosely strung as in Homer, the plot artificial and the language a bit long-winded, but the book is a human document of the greatest interest, an incomparable panorama of Ghetto scenes, the epic of the European Jew.

The revival of anti-Semitism in Germany in 1881 could not check the influence of Smolenskin. Under Ben-Jehudah (who published the *Deer* in Palestine) Hebrew was revived as a spoken language. *The Watchman in the Land of the Wanderer* was the first Hebrew journal issued in the United States. Hebrew daily newspapers appeared in St. Petersburg (1886), and then in Warsaw and Odessa. Propaganda had accomplished its purpose; from its struggles two genuine artists had emerged. Hebrew was now ready for its flowering. It came with a group of genuine poets, foremost among whom is Chaim Nachman Bialik, the greatest of the Hebrew minstrels since the days of the Psalmists.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

BAL MUSETTE.

THE dance in Paris is almost a cult, a religion, and especially is this so since the armistice, for during the war public dancing of any sort was rigorously forbidden. It is to our own home folks from the States, I believe, that we in Paris owe its recrudescence in 1918. On the night of Mr. Wilson's arrival in Paris, some Americans arose from their perennial places at the Café de la Paix and began to dance on the pavements; in a few minutes the enraptured natives followed suit, and then only was it fully understood that the Kaiser had capitulated. In times of national crisis and suffering the Government always begins, it seems, by closing the dance-halls, with the result that, as soon as peace is declared, that amiable form of madness resumes its

course with a fury that suggests the bad old days of the Cavalier Restoration or the gilded epoch of the Directorate when there were balls to which no one was admitted who had not lost a near relative at the front—I mean to say on the guillotine. The golden youth of the time, attired in saffron small-clothes and incredible stocks, waltzed sedately with aphrodisiac figures who carried on one alabaster arm a black scarf in token of mourning.

"Next to money, the thing which the Parisian loves, cherishes and, so to speak, adores, is dancing. Each class of society has its special circle which does little else but dance; from the top of the social scale to the bottom, from the very rich to the completely poor, every one jigs; it is a madness, a universal preoccupation." These words were not written yesterday by some journalist of the Boulevard des Italiens but by Mercier more than a hundred years ago. No one, however, who has studied this aspect of life which, as the diarist of the Revolution said, is all but universal, will deny the justice of their application to the Paris of 1922.

All the anathemas hurled from the contemporary pulpit on the modern dance can be reproduced word for word in the period of the innocuous waltz and the dessicated polka, imported from Hungary in the trunks of Fanny Ellsler, the charming ballerina whom poor little Franz de Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, is said to have loved. If there was an earthquake in Lisbon or an important conflagration in Stamboul, the hand of God was immediately discerned admonishing an abandoned and polka-ridden world. The Vicomte de Saint Laurent, a Catholic old gentleman of reactionary opinions and strict principles, fulminated against the soul-destroying dance in a brochure which had some little vogue in the *salons* near St. Germain des Prés. Some of his remarks are extremely instructive as well as edifying.

When a man is truly Christian [says the Vicomte], his hand should repose lightly on the puffed crinoline of his partner's waist. Personally, I consider this fashion of contact very immoral, but it is, at all events, the fashion the most decent and the most rare, and generally, in our days, at least half of the woman's waist is encircled by the hand of the waltzer.

Really, even the moralists and cushion-thumpers are better ordered in France. The Vicomte could give Billy Sunday points in pungency of expression. Only listen:

Our young Christian virgins (one of my friends has remarked that a woman who dances the polka is never completely a virgin, and he is right) our young Christian sisters dance in the arms and on the palpitating breasts of enfevered young men, and in our days, the purest young girl delivers herself, sometimes between two communions at the altar, to the clasp of the first-comer, students, hussars, men of the world. The circle of mothers applauds foolishly, and there are even balls where they dance only these modern steps which I regard as veritable acts of prostitution. It is impossible for me to find another term with which to describe the act of a woman or a young girl, however virtuous she may be at heart, who delivers herself to the contact of several men, one after another, and often without power to choose between them.

It is a thousand pities that the Vicomte is dead some fifty years or more ago, for it would be a sadistic pleasure to accompany him to the Tabarin or the Moulin Rouge and absorb his impressions of the fox-trot and the shimmy in an atmosphere of Coty and jazz. It would be a pleasure second only to that of hearing Archbishop Hughes or Dr. Straton dilate, fifty years from now, on the chaste steps and demoded charm of the tango and the bunny-hug, superannuated pastimes which de-

lighted the innocent and somewhat dowdy generations of the 'twenties.

It is not, however, the real or fancied immoralities of the *salons* or of the grand establishments which have turned all lower Montmartre into one vast, bad and very expensive world's fair—it is not these aspects of the dance which interest me. As far as I am concerned, I could see the Seine's green waters engulf the Bal Tabarin and the Moulin Rouge, "Zelli's" and Liberty's Bar, together with the artistic cabaret, the murderous taxi and one or two other modern inventions which help to take the joy out of life, and I should not be a whit unwiser or unhappier, rather less so in fact. The establishments I have named, together with many others, are not, properly speaking, places of pleasure but temples of mode devoted to a recondite science and a blasé curiosity, where the goddess of luxury, in the old sense of the word, is by far too mechanical and meretricious to be enjoyed by anyone who really specializes in the art of life. I am writing of the dance as a religion, as a joy in itself, and if one wishes to experience this joy, even in the rôle of spectator, one must not go to "Zelli's" or the Moulin Rouge; one must not go even to the resurrected Bullier with its tedious students and their still more tedious little ladies. One must go to a Bal Musette.

Where is the Bal Musette? It is everywhere, for each quarter has its dozen; and in another sense it is nowhere, since if the ideal existed, it would cease to be the ideal. The places where it reigns in its perfection are relatively few. In the Paris of the 'twenties, it is the ultimate island where Terpsichore has retreated, and sits, combing her glistening locks, safe from the envioning welter of professionals, Argentine tangoists, academies, æsthetic dancing and the futurist ballet. The Bal Musette is recondite, humble, proletarian and superb. It is in the heart of the faubourg and in the heart of the people. It has nothing to do with M. Jean Cocteau or with "the Six"; in other words it is alive. Even externally, it belongs to the epoch of Steinlen and Poulbot, and despite all its contemporaneous and glorious vitality, it seems already veiled in a mist of distance, with a pathos like that of memory.

I have often visited these little establishments which are similar to ordinary wine-shops, save for the plaintive note of the accordion and the sound of dancing feet, which fill the dark alleys. There is a little street, the Rue de Lappe, a stone's throw from the dancing angel of the Bastille, which is literally one whole Bal Musette. One went there, above all, to watch the Auvergnats dance the *bourée*, a step which dates from the Middle Ages and is still danced in its full vigour by these sturdy and smiling mountaineers who have migrated to Paris. In the Rue de Lappe the balls seem to touch each other. At nightfall the rude music from the interiors forms an exciting and sweet cacophony, and the perpetually shifting crowd of workmen, soldiers and women gives the little street, under the chiaroscuro of lamps and equivocal shades, the air of a perpetual *kermis*, a midnight fair.

If one seeks less ingenuous entertainment, one has only to turn down the first and only intersection that crosses the Rue de Lappe, into a sort of stable-yard which, even in full daylight, would never be taken for a public way. A few steps into the obscurity, and one comes upon what looks like a blind alley; in reality, it is still another street and is known as the Passage de Lappe. At one end,

under an archway, a single street-lamp burns intensely with a chill, green flame; at the other is the celebrated Petit Balcon which was quite a terror in its day, but which is now comparatively safe. It was there that my friend, little Jean of the "Bastoché," who began life tranquilly enough in the sympathetic employment of baking bread, concocted the burglary which he is now, I am sorry to say, expiating at the expense of the State.

They are by no means all alike, these little dance-halls, and some of them have preserved a very special character and colour. Of these one of the most remarkable is the Bal Gravilliers at number sixty-five in the street of the same name near the Central Markets. Against the chalk-like wall, the profiles of pale adolescents and their girls are silhouetted in the violent light with the stark effect of a black and white drawing by an Aubrey Beardsley who has taken to low life. These gentlemen are almost all well-clothed and extremely correct; there are here no crapulous exteriors, no dingy caps or shirts open to the neck. Their dames, too, affect the airs of respectable bourgeois ladies indulging in a rare night out. The men chat together sedately in level tones, occasionally extracting a cigarette with their well-kept fingers which are short and blunt—the fingers of stranglers. Everything is moderate, even-tempered, a little austere. Why not? They are not vagabonds, they have not the air even of adventurers; they are men of affairs who have more important things to think of than the pursuit of pleasure. For the woman, too, life is primarily a matter of business. Before dawn she will bring to her man her quota of earnings expertly extorted, and her man will burgle a villa. These competent derelicts may commit crimes, but they are never found guilty of a *faux pas*. It was one of them who lately confided to Francis Carco that he had the same boot-maker as Carpentier.

In contrast to this serious and sinister environment, there are balls which possess a local colour at once more healthy and more picturesque. Often one has to venture far afield to discover them, in the unknown and charming limbos of Belleville and Ménilmontant, or near those historic fortifications which encircle modern Paris. Charonne, for instance, a suburb beyond the Faubourg St. Antoine which housed the population that took the Bastille, is a good old quarter still preserving something of the flavour of revolutionary days. There are singular streets which suggest the province, and a mouldy church-tower which might have been transported from the depths of the country-side. Here are to be found balls open during the afternoon, and here in the green light of the harbour, reflected by the lemon-coloured contents of innumerable carafes, one might imagine oneself in the midst of the charming picture by van Gogh which hangs in the Luxembourg.

My own favourite musette has nothing remarkable about it externally; indeed I have often sought without success to analyse the reasons for my preference. Certainly it will never attract the amateur of advertised sensations, or the tourist who attends the Maxfield Parrish panorama of the Quat'z'Arts and the annual orgy at "Magic City" where the famous inverses exhibit themselves in unthinkable disguises. It forms part of a small wine-shop in a street with an amusing name, considering its reputation and character—the Street of the Virtues. One goes down the Rue St. Martin from the arch and turns the corner opposite the

old church of St. Nicholas des Champs, whitened with centuries, whose broad pointed windows are ribbed with glass looking like sheets of black ice stitched with infinitesimal crustations. A moment later one stands in a sinister little street, ill-lighted and often quite deserted, save for the star glittering coldly on the breast of a dim policeman at the far corner. There is no sound of dance or music: the Street of the Virtues is melancholy under the moon. Then suddenly an accordion bursts out afresh almost at one's side; one pushes open a green shutter and finds oneself in a long room, lined like a monastic refectory with tables and deal benches, and expanding into a parterre filled with dancing forms.

It is here at last that the popular dance reigns in its integrity, its authentic splendour, to the national anthems of "Paris," "Mon Homme," and "J'en ai Marre." These banal airs, heard a hundred times before, assume in the music of the accordions a singular and penetrating quality which takes one by the heart. There is nothing on earth more chaste than those canaille dances under the melancholy charm of that music. The dance is no longer a science but an art; it is no longer an art but the affirmation of an art, the very reason of its being. These girls in jerseys with bobbed hair, these muscular little gamins in soiled neckerchiefs and checked caps, by the force, the grace, the sheer physical distinction of movement, seem transported to a plane of plastic and absolute beauty, a delirium beyond contact, beyond sex, a world of the most violent reality from which, none the less, all the dross of reality has been shed away.

O, the nostalgia of those nights of Paris when one wandered through goblin streets under a haggard moon, tormented by a longing impossible to define. The street was desolate and dark; there seemed no resource for the spirit in men or things. Then through an orange chink in the shutter the renewed music of the accordions bursts forth, flooding the by-ways with dark suggestion. Once more one went in, weary in mind and body, and once more, in the presence of all that youth, that delirium of movement against a dream of violent light, one felt a wave of mysterious vitality passing into and circulating through the channels of the being. The inescapable desire had not departed, but at least one no longer felt excluded from the banquet of life.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

THE WOMAN WHO MISUNDERSTOOD LIFE.

HAVING become the wife of Hercules, a woman would in due time make surprising discoveries on the subject of love and marriage and life, and Sophocles seems to have written his tragedy of the "Trachinæ" in order that we might have Deianeira's side of a most perplexing case. What would we not give for Xantippe's version of the case against Socrates!

As regards Hercules, the lady's version of the domestic tragedy is set forth with such sympathy as well as such insight that one feels impertinently curious for details concerning the intimate private life of Sophocles which—alas!—have not come down to us.

He certainly must have known well a Deianeira of some sort, just as he knew all his women well. Deianeira is the mature married woman with a house full of children who learns—not for the first time by any means—that her husband is infatuated with an exquisite girl. Deianeira, despite her high birth, is but an ordinary country girl, asking nothing more of life than the privilege of bringing up her children in the shelter of her husband's love. With how rare an insight Sophocles

realizes the type! Deianeira, we are made to see, had been an exquisite thing herself in the first flush of her youth. Hercules nearly lost her then to that shaggy monster of a Nessus, that Centaur who got his living by carrying people across an ancient river unprovided with any other ferry-system than his own half-human and half-equine anatomy. Hercules, on his honeymoon, had to entrust his bride to this sorry creature who, when half way across the waters, nearly smothered Deianeira with his obscene kisses.

Hercules put an arrow into Nessus then and there. How the dying Centaur contrived to bestow his famous love-philtre upon the bride and how she managed to keep it so long without the slightest suspicion of the truth dawning upon the mind of Hercules, would be a mystery to those of us who are men, if we did not all have such good reason to know how easily the least experienced young girl can hoodwink the most ancient rake. Deianeira had been advised by the dying Nessus to use the charm—a blood-clot—upon Hercules whenever that hero grew too fond of another woman.

Again and again, despite many provocations, Deianeira shrank from any recourse to the Centaur's dried gore, long since reduced to tablet form and kept under lock and key among her private and personal treasures. No woman, it is said, will willingly destroy the letters of a man who really loved her, and Deianeira got her clot of the Centaur's blood long before the invention of the art of writing with ink on paper. It was feminine, perhaps, to keep it like that. Then there was the important use to which it might be put. She did not quite believe in the good faith of that lawless Nessus, although his passion for herself seems to have been disinterested and sincere. Her intuition is indicated with his usual flawless art by Sophocles, who readily brought home to his subtle Greek audiences the point destined in our own duller age to escape the pedagogues entirely.

Deianeira loved her Hercules with that abnegation of self which made even his infidelities seem a legitimate element in her martyrdom. No wonder all the women fell in love with him. He was the greatest hero of his period and his period was one of heroes. The prodigies of Hercules put all the others, as we have to phrase it in an era of cinematography, out of the picture. The golden apples of the Hesperides, the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, the Augean stables—nothing to equal it was ever filmed. Loud and long were the laments of Deianeira at his protracted absences from home, but she left him entirely free with never a thought of exacting or of taking any such freedom for herself in return. The situation entailed its agonies for this devoted wife but she had her Hercules still and she was willing to pay the price.

Not once, while the world was ringing with the fame of his exploits, had she forgotten that clot of blood. There were moments, especially during his inglorious captivity at the court of the Queen of Lydia, when the wife of Hercules at home meditated the use of the charm recommended by the dying Nessus. She would try to persuade herself that Hercules ran no risk whatever from the effects of the philtre. There lingered that haunting doubt, notwithstanding. Hercules went from one love affair to another and still she withheld that magic clot of the dead monster's blood. Nothing could be more characteristic of the genius of Sophocles than the art with which he exploits for his dramatic purpose this long agony in the soul of Deianeira. It is never good for a Hercules to riot in the licence she tolerated, yet the kind creature tolerated it just because he was a Hercules.

She is living life, poor thing, and discovering in the throes of it that instead of her becoming the mistress of her fate, fate is the mistress of her life. It is life itself which dominates because that is the way life has. No man was ever the captain of his soul, and Sophocles is most himself when, in the great fashion of Greek tragedy, he drives that point well home. It is the business of the "Trachiniae" to explode that misconception about life of which the devoted Deianeira was so helpless a victim. It

is the very misconception which, in our own still more tragic age, wrecks the lives of many youthful Hotspurs of the spiritual life. Deianeira, in her attitude towards love and marriage, manifests a no less poetical radicalism in her perfect surrender of herself. There is a radicalism of chastity and fidelity no less daring than free love, and in that radicalism Deianeira found self-expression.

Misunderstanding of the purpose of Sophocles here could not be more egregious than that which makes Deianeira cherish no suspicion, until too late, of the peril lurking for Hercules in that poisoned clot. A misunderstanding yet more fantastic makes the wife in this domestic tragedy accept as part of the natural order of things a position indistinguishable from that of the mistress of a harem. The charm she got from Nessus was a protection against that very catastrophe.

Apart from any consideration of the personal peril involved for Hercules, his wife would not condescend to lure him back with a potion. The radicalism of such a gesture has in it the finest mood of Greenwich Village. Deianeira, like so many other ladies of her radical temper, had started her career as a wife and mother with an unworkable theory of the nature of conjugal love, and life itself was at last proving too large for her formula. Let it not be inferred that Deianeira's attitude was too fine, too heroic—it simply was not life. Life is so large!

Deianeira's discovery of what life is really like cost Hercules his earthly existence. It precipitated the wife and mother herself into the most desperate of domestic dooms. She was so sure she was living nobly, beautifully, when she formed that fatal resolution to admit her husband's paramour to her own hearth and to treat her with love and tenderness. Life rejects such antinomies and Deianeira did not know this. The aim of Greek tragedy—the point must never be overlooked—is the elucidation of life precisely as the purpose of modern man is the discovery of law. Here we have the whole explanation of the mystery involving such a plot as that of the "Trachiniae." We moderns have so saturated our minds with the idea of law—laws of physics, laws of chemistry, laws of economics—that life as a whole has grown remote, alien, incomprehensible. Life, to the modern mind, is an intruder. In the ancient world—the point is made again and again in the tragedies of Sophocles—life was itself the whole of the law and in Greek drama life had found its medium, its interpreter. Ignorance of Greek tragedy is therefore ignorance of life in a sense difficult to bring home to the contemporary man with his reverence for law, his passion for the discovery of law in medicine, law in dynamics, law in astronomy. Every now and then the wide world seems one in glorifying a man of science whose career has resulted in the discovery of "laws" of astrophysics although he can not open his mouth without betraying his ignorance of life. In Greek tragedy such a character would have been a laughingstock, for Greek tragedy had its laughingstocks.

What overwhelms Deianeira, the idea to which she tends to return, is the prevalence of sorrow over joy in her life. No one can be deemed happy until he is dead, or perhaps she would have put it that no mortal's lot may be pronounced good or evil before he has left this earthly scene. How are we to judge a tale, she asks, before all is told? The lady friends of Deianeira—only a college professor would refer to them as "the chorus"—point out that life, however painful in some aspects, has its beauties. Here is what we may call the high note throughout Greek tragedy, the sublime element in Sophocles more particularly. Life, he says, and no man understood its mortal phases better, life is made up of elements that by themselves reduce us to despair. Pain, war, poverty, failure; these are the very stuff of life. Deianeira's lady friends remind her that in life may be had joy, the ivy's spell, the wooing of the flute. Deianeira knows from painful experience that these brighter, happier threads are not the warp and woof of life. The pattern as a whole is sombre, she finds. The doomed wife and mother is not alone in her pessimism among the heroines of Sophocles. He, seeing life as a whole, discovers its beauty for us.

The beauty of life! such is the paradox which fills Greek tragedy. Life is its supreme æsthetic fact. The creator of life is the greatest of all artists. Joy and grief, hope and despair, success and failure, triumph and defeat, may alternate, but the effect as a whole is always a masterpiece. If we scrutinize life not merely as a whole but also in its episodes, we are delighted with its pervasive unity. Nothing in life just happens. Its most trivial incidents have their beginning, their middle and their end. The "Trachiniæ" is there to prove it. Poor Hyllus, the sorrowing son of Deianeira, sums up the family misfortunes at his father's funeral with the reflection that no one can see the climax of the tale because another instalment of it may come down at any moment from Olympus. It may have an unhappy ending but it is sure to show the touch of the master hand of Zeus. All through Greek tragedy runs the reflection that the father of gods and men may smite, but he smites as a sculptor smites—with the artistry of genius.

It is the pagan and æsthetic anticipation of Paul's assertion that neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God, nor angels either, for that matter, nor powers nor principalities. When Paul said he was debtor both to the Greek and the barbarian he may have referred to his perception that life is one, indivisible, supreme among the works of God. That is the message of Sophocles.

How far we have strayed from all this! The modern motto seems at times to run: Let there be no life in the large! The modern conception of life reduces it to a biological fact with a set of laws distinct and apart from the laws of, say, astrophysics. Nothing seems quite so contemptible as the life of man in the presence of what we now understand to be the universe.

The same attitude works out economically in conceptions of life so familiar that we no longer notice their absurdity. A strike, we are told, for example, costs the wage-earners millions of dollars in lost wages alone. The inference seems to be that they should not strike. The idea that behind every strike is a force called life to which the wage-earners in the mass are as fully subject as if wages had never been paid since the beginning of time, is alien to the contemporary mode of thought. The classical Greek idea would have been that wage-earners strike not because they want to strike or because they gain or lose by a strike, but because in their circumstances the forces called life combined to thrust the strike upon them. A strike, thus, would be handed down to labour and capital from Olympus, and if they did not like it they would consult the oracle at Delphi. It is not altogether easy to see that the contemporary mode of adjusting labour-disturbances is much more efficient than this.

Nor is the literature of our period exempt from the eccentricities of the contemporary attitude towards life. Life, to an important school of short-story writers, is no longer an artistic fact. Life, it seems, has no plots, life is not integrated, life does not present itself in episodes with a beginning, a middle or an end. The conception is so hideous that it might have emanated from a college professor. Life, bearing everywhere upon its face the stamp of its creator's genius, has not only unity but what, because the word means so much, we may call style. In literature the style is the man, as the French critic said, but in life the style reveals the hand of God. It is because life has a style as well as unity that it is such a masterpiece. In Greek tragedy we get both, and we get them also in the work of all literary artists who have formed themselves upon Greek tragedy.

The style of life and the unity of life comprise what we may call the artistry as distinguished from what the theologians call the goodness of God. Exactly as the writings of Paul reflect the love of God, the Greek tragedians reflect the artistry of God—reflect it with a fidelity that renders the Deianeira of Sophocles all but unintelligible in an age abandoned to its ridiculous reverence for a law just because it is a law, and to its no less ridiculous ignorance of life just because it is life.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

PHANTOM.

XLIV

I COME now to that point which was one of the most momentous in my complicated course of error, self-deception, megalomania, and crime. In order to get it as clear as possible, I discussed it all thoroughly only yesterday with my father-in-law, as if unintentionally, sitting in the arbor, over a glass of beer. The good old man knows that I am working on the story of my fall from grace, a belated argument for the defence which is to teach my judges to understand and to pardon; for to understand all means to pardon all.

Stark still regards me to this day, as in the time of our first meeting, as the great writer of the future.

There can be nothing pleasanter, nothing more comfortable, than our evenings in the summer-house. Yesterday it was especially fine. My Marie of the simple goodness, with the heart of purest gold, had prepared for us as always the most delicious supper, consisting of eggs, cheese, sour milk, and fresh bread and butter. The insects buzzed, roses, elders, and honeysuckle scented the air, also the firs on the edge of the near-by woods. Though it had grown dark, the air had not lost its body-heat. The monstrous disk of the moon hung behind the elders and larches along the village brook. The murmur sounded doubly loud in the nightly stillness, in which not a twig was stirring. Fire-flies gleamed in the grass of the round common. Marie had gone back into the house when I began to speak of my hare-brained suit for the hand of Veronica Harlan.

But I will tell it as it happened.

I had learned that the lovely girl was betrothed, indeed that she would be married in a few days. Vigottschinsky had got the information. That was of course wholly absurd. But just as on the one hand my hope grasped at every straw, so the most improbable rumours were capable of casting me into a boiling maelstrom of torment. In short, I was aflame with jealousy.

Veronica was at that time, I judged, about fourteen. But I might have been deceived, she might perhaps be between fifteen and sixteen. Why should a sixteen-year-old girl not marry? And what might not and could not be possible and usual in her enviable circle?

So I composed that letter to the father of the child, hardware-merchant and recently appointed *Kommerzienrat*,¹ a letter which to this day is beyond my comprehension. I could not help it, I had to write the letter. It was as if somebody else guided my hand. But always when I spoke of this circumstance, or said anything about Veronica, I mean during my trial, I was told that they were not interested in that, that it had nothing whatever to do with the case. Strange enough that when one is to pass judgment on the guilt or innocence of an accused, the essential motivating or exonerating factor is not included in the scope of the cross-examination.

"What are your letters to us?" they said. "Write as many letters as you will, we don't care about them, unless they contain incriminating or exonerating matter with respect to the crime that has been committed."

My letter to Mr. Harlan was grandiloquent and bumptious.

How was it possible, how could the letter of a man fundamentally so timorous, so modest, nay, even so sober as I, who had a pimply complexion and a limp, was imperfectly developed owing to lack of nourishment in his youth, and was repulsively ugly according to his own conviction, turn out so impudent and arrogant? It must have been that in my character, as you might say, not one stone was left upon another.

"To this day I blush with shame," I confessed to my father-in-law, "when I think of that inexplicable letter." For I had declared in it that I could in no case consent to the betrothal, and still less the marriage, of Veronica Harlan to any other than myself.

Thereupon my father-in-law said, "Why shouldn't the letter have been dictated to you by some evil Daemon that had an interest in putting you in a hole?"

¹ Translator's note: "Councillor of Commerce," an honorary title bestowed on successful financiers and business men.

I have forgotten to say that my father-in-law had been an active spiritualist many years before we knew each other, and that during that time he had been in active occult communication with his deceased wife and many other spirits. When we became acquainted, he had already given up the practice of table-tipping and in fact all active spiritualism. Marie had little inclination for it, and he himself had lost with advancing years that passionate curiosity about the life beyond. However, he possesses a work, "Manuscripts by Spirit Hands," bound by himself in forty handsome volumes, which is unique in the world and may perhaps some day attain universal significance as a storehouse of unheard-of revelations from the fourth dimension. I myself do not go near it.

Who should be surprised if I got no answer to my hare-brained letter? It is well known that the rich not infrequently get letters from insane people. No one pays any attention to them. They are thrown into the wastebasket.

At that time, however, it was far from my thoughts to make clear to myself this natural state of the case, and more and more I enveloped myself in the narcotic exhalation of my megalomania.

Is it credible? My presumption had taken an enormous leap upward since I had written to the rich hardware-merchant. The bold and resolute letter to this patrician gave me by reaction a feeling of social equality. I carried my head much higher than hitherto, and floated in a stupefying sea of conceit. I thought to myself, as I walked through the streets and the passers-by streamed past me: I hope you are not unaware that I have written a very serious message to Mr. Emmo Harlan to tell him of the bone I have to pick with him. Yes, I know he did not answer. From that very fact you can see the effect my letter had.

I told myself in quite sober earnest, as it seemed to me, that the silence of the great merchant was a good sign for me. The answer to a letter like mine must be considered from every angle. The breaking-off of the previous engagement could not be done rapidly, and then too they would probably institute inquiries with respect to my person. But in my megalomania—I had been told, by the way, that the poet Byron also had a club-foot—I did not doubt that I should be described to the Harlan family as the rising star in the poetic firmament.

XLV

One day while I was thus waiting, I was again possessed by what my father-in-law had called an evil Daemon. I had just vainly asked the postman once more about the expected letter, when I ran straight home to change my clothes and to get myself up with a solicitude which I must at present characterize as absolutely ridiculous. And the result was ridiculous, too. I might easily have read that in the looks that followed me with ironical astonishment.

I took a cab and gave the driver a definite address—you will guess which one.

The whole thing went with such lightning speed as I had really not ventured to hope for. I had assumed the title of Doctor on my calling-cards. The servant to whom I gave the card disappeared with it in the inner apartments. He returned, and I was ushered into a blue salon. I had to wait a moment, and it was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning before the beautiful Mrs. Harlan rustled into the salon. She immediately stopped short, as if she had expected some one else, and declared, recovering her composure directly, that had indeed been the fact. She had been expecting a Doctor von Trota, a young assessor and a friend of her brother. Then she said, "But what do you wish? I presume you would like to see my husband."

I answered with a trace of timidity that that might not be necessary as yet.

Mrs. Harlan looked searchingly at me. She may have noticed that I was only keeping my composure with an effort. I felt, but could not help it, that there were twitches around my lips, that a hard lump was squeezing my throat, and that hot tears were coming into my eyes.

"What is your pleasure, Doctor?" she said then.

But suddenly she bethought herself and cried, as if she had now guessed the reason for my coming, "Of course, of course, take a seat! I had almost forgotten that we have advertised for a tutor for our Veronica. I am surely not mistaken in the assumption that your call is connected with that."

I thought of my pedagogical leanings and my studies.

For reply I said, "No, dear madam, the days in which I should have accepted a mere tutorship are for ever past."

I myself was somewhat taken aback when this strange answer had escaped me. I felt such a giddiness as if I had leaped across an abyss, but was still unable to get a firm footing on the other side after my foolhardy leap. And in other ways my answer did not satisfy me. If I had only not put in that word "mere."

"Do you consider a position as tutor to a young and talented child something so insignificant?" Mrs. Harlan naturally rejoined with astonished mien.

Then I vigorously pulled myself together and said how gladly I should certainly accept such a position if I had not taken the liberty of calling about a different, far more important, and far more serious matter.

I had now reached the outermost tip of the rocky promontory, from which there was nothing but a leap into empty space.

XLVI

To-day I am sober and in perfect health. All the more I must say to myself that that person, who was in the house of the hardware-merchant as suitor for his daughter's hand, was a sick man. Why, it is impossible for me to-day even to understand my conduct at that time. There are crises of growth, crises of puberty, which are an inevitable and as it were healthy malady. It may perhaps have been such a so-called children's disease, some kind of infection.

My feeling at that time, even when I was facing the beautiful Mrs. Harlan, was that I should not act as I was acting, had I not lost a certain inhibiting power over certain forces of my soul. My conduct was that of a high-flyer, unless it was that of a lunatic. I come to that part of my speech, and of my general conduct at that hour of irresponsibility in the house of the hardware-merchant, that has remained fixed in my memory.

"Dear madam," I said, "it would be a very special honour to me to act as tutor to your daughter, if my destiny and the hand of God had not directed me to far higher goals and especially one higher goal. My father was a staff-officer—the green tax-collector's uniform of my father gave me this idea!—"my education most careful. From childhood on I have received plain indications of every sort, that pointed to a great future career for me. I should not wish to appear boastful, but I may be permitted to inform you of the fact that this coming autumn a drama of mine, 'Konradin von Hohenstaufen,' is to be performed in the local municipal theatre. A great scholar whom I will not name, and who possesses the largest library in Breslau"—I was thinking of my present father-in-law, the Master Bookbinder Stark—"has designated this work as perhaps the greatest since Friedrich Schiller.

"I am well-to-do, dear madam. How else could I have ventured on this step? My financial assets are invested in safe securities. Also I am a partner in a well-inaugurated commission-business, but to be sure only nominally, since my ideal inclinations and aptitudes disqualify me for a strictly commercial career. Dear madam, as a genius I stand to be sure at the beginning of a long and thorny path. But I hope to be worthy of my talents and to endure to the end the divinely ordained martyrdom"—I hastily added—"of the great poet and thinker. I am resigned to the mockery, the misunderstanding, nay, even the blindness of my fellow-men, for did not a far loftier than I not shrink from the path to Golgotha? Permit me then, dear madam, to present myself as the author of that letter which your husband doubtless received about two weeks ago. The writer says that he has an older claim,

a higher claim to the hand of your daughter than any other, and goes on seriously to prefer his suit. Be assured, dear madam, that I am most sacredly in earnest in this matter."

XLVII

I do not know where I may have picked up all these well-turned phrases. They came from my lips as smooth as butter and without the least hesitation. And this is certain: while I was speaking I believed it. Just by the mere sight of the mother of Veronica, my idol, I was lifted up above the real, solid ground of real things. Yet it was of course an incredibly injudicious act to involve myself in so coarse a web of lies, which could so easily be torn asunder by anyone but myself. Across the way was the office in which I had worked for my mother and her children as a poor starveling. A step to the police-station would be sufficient to determine exactly what was my origin and my general situation. But in the exalted state in which I was, with the fear which impelled me and the splendour that was luring me on, the thought of being unmasked was as far from me as from a man with the best conscience in the world.

Mrs. Harlan had listened attentively to me. It seemed to me several times as if she were looking hastily about her, as though seeking aid. When I had said everything, as I thought, and was waiting in expectant silence, she rose, went to the wall, and seemed about to ring an electric bell. As she did so she said, "Your proposal, sir, is very honourable." Then she added in effect that her daughter was to be sure still a mere child, and too young to marry. But, all in good time, for to-day she would say neither yes nor no. While she was saying this and other things like it, a servant came in and soon after Mr. Harlan himself.

Harlan was slender, carefully and even elegantly dressed, and had trinkets of coral on his gold watch-chain. I immediately resolved to buy myself watch-charms of the same kind. And I subsequently did so, but of course they took away from me all my finery—not that I am shedding any tears over them—as goods stolen from my aunt. Mr. Harlan entered, and his wife, as I distinctly observed, winked at him as she informed him of the subject of our conversation.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

(Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.)

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

THE PITTSFIELD FESTIVAL.

(A Note on Internationalism in Music.)

THE three-day festival of chamber music which has been held every autumn for the last five seasons at the Temple of Music erected for the purpose on a slope of South Mountain, in Pittsfield, by Mrs. Frederic S. Coolidge, is always a pleasant occasion, and frequently, for those who look beneath the surface of things, a rather moving one. This year it was profoundly inspiring. The calm of the late summer landscape, with its hills light blue in the September haze; the sense of a momentary pause, filled with high æsthetic delight, in the workaday lives of the professional musicians and others gathered there on the eve of their winter season; the sense of plenty, happiness, and peace projected as it were against the dark background of suffering in Europe which one can not forget—the Europe that gave us all this music; all these things gripped one's heart. Mixed with the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances, musical and personal, and of making new ones, one felt a sense of suspense, of hopes and fears not to be denied: of fears that a young country like ours might, through thoughtlessness, turn its great power to mean, selfish ends; of hopes that it might come to realize that it

is not the absolute heir but the responsible trustee of its artistic ancestors.

It was a bright scene, with its scores of cars in the parking-ground, its groups of people straggling up the hill-side to the "Temple," an oblong grey building of wood, with tall, arched windows and a veranda. Inside there was the pleasant, interested throng, with many well-known musicians of various nationalities, seated in pews taken from an old New Hampshire church, or, in the intermissions, chatting on the veranda, or strolling about the upland field. It was a bright, almost a gay scene; and yet one could not forget the sadder realities behind it all; nor, indeed, did one wish to forget them, for they were the minor undertone that gave poignance to all the brightness, they were the shadows that brought out the true form and significance of the high lights. Europe is artistically exhausted, sick, perhaps dying. What is to take its place? This thought clamoured relentlessly in one's brain as one conversed in the hotel corridors in the evenings, as one overheard the complacent trivialities and irrelevancies of many of the comments on the music, as one noted the decadence of much of the modern European music played, and surmised the crudity of much of the American music not played.

One put two and two together. Mr. Frederick Stock, of the Chicago Orchestra, told, for instance, of the impossibility of getting any music at all out of Russia, of the impossibility of getting the scores of Pizzetti, one of the most gifted Italians, except in manuscript; of the difficulty of finding interesting new works from any of the European composers, who are necessarily more preoccupied with getting bread than music-paper. Mr. Adolfo Betti, leader of the Flonzaley Quartet, wrote from Switzerland of the quartets he had been reading: "some ultra-modern, some classical, some radical, some academic, some folk, some eclectic, but all mediocre." Then there are to be considered the economic conditions which have steadily forced the best talents of Europe to take advantage of the material compensations offered by this country; with the result that it was possible to find in this nook of the Berkshire Hills a quartet from Stuttgart and one from San Francisco, to hear the "New York Trio" of an Italian, a Dutchman, and a Jew, and to listen to a wellnigh perfect performance of a trio of Brahms, by an English 'cellist, a French clarinetist and an Australian pianist. This wholesale importation of talent is splendid for us, but how impoverishing must it be for Europe!—and it is still Europe that must produce the bulk of the world's music, even if we are to consume it.

Then there was the new music itself. In Gabriel Pierné's new trio, given its first performance in America on the second day of the festival, the bankruptcy of the modern French school, recently frankly confessed by one of its foremost Parisian apologists, is only too obvious to all who have ears not equipped with nationalistic stoppers. These restless and subtly elusive harmonies are the ghost of those that once lived and palpitated in Fauré; these obstinate figures are Debussy petrified into formula; above all this saponaceous flavour, this surrender of artistic virility to swooning day-dream, this cult of the cheap ineffable and the easy ecstatic, is only Massenet at his worst and most vulgar, and entirely without charm. If one may judge modern Germany by a Reger quintet written as late as 1916, it, too, is decadent; only in place of the festering sentiment of France one finds in Germany dry rot, academic formulæ, *Kapellmeistermusik* no less *kapellmeisterish*

because it is the "modern" idiom rather than the pseudo-classic that its devotees have substituted for the fresh speech of living emotion.

Yet it is after all only a few of the minor streams of European music that have thus lost current and stagnated in a self-limited nationalism. There are still composers in almost all countries who forget these petty insularities and remember only art. They follow the main stream of musical development which was exemplified—not in its latest but in some of its greatest aspects—by the magnificent all-Brahms concert of Friday morning, 29 September, in itself enough to reward the pains of half a dozen festivals, or the noble performance of the Belgian César Franck's great quintet given on Saturday by the German quartet and the Australian pianist aforementioned (the absurdity of the adjectives can not but give one a little malicious satisfaction). Here was music that at once rose to a plane where all petty qualifications were obviously irrelevant; music of no time and no place, of all times and all places; music in which players and listeners of all countries gladly joined, forgetting whom it was they feared and whom they hated, remembering only that they were men and that to them "nothing human was alien." The spontaneous response of every one to this music, was evidence enough that American audiences are quite capable of fulfilling the trusteeship that seems about to be thrust upon them, through no fault and no merit of their own, if only their leaders will give them the right cues. That is, I believe, one of the most important functions of such festivals as these. They must hold up a standard of universal art; they must appeal to the chivalry, the sportsmanship, the love of beauty, which in the worst of us fight always for supremacy over the petty egotisms, the distrusts, the jealousies which in the best of us are never decisively conquered. It was the sense of that constantly waged, never-won battle that lent an almost militant note to the tumultuous applause which called the artists to the stage again and again on the last afternoon after that tidal wave of César Franck had rolled over us. It was the sense of this that caught at one's throat when the early twilight was already darkening the hills, as if to symbolize the engulfment that always threatens art, and the audience impulsively called the donor of the festivals to the door of the veranda to express to her inarticulately, but perhaps no less eloquently for that, its consciousness of participation in a great undertaking—the preservation and increase of healing beauty in a world sick with strife.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

THE THEATRE.

A SYMBOLIC MELODRAMA.

SYMBOLISM is a poetic mode of thought, poetic in the sense that symbols are intuitively apprehended; it employs something we know and understand in order to give authenticity to something we divine. Thus the reality of this imaginative extension is persuasive only in so far as its logic is unassailable. The symbol is the poet's formula of proportion; so and so is to this or that as thus and thus is to something else. Quite evidently, it follows that symbolism implies an underlying unity, a certain principle common to the thing symbolized and its allegory.

Our sensitiveness to the symbol as an intuitively conceived and logical figure of thought, will determine our comprehension of such a play as "Rossum's Universal Robots," by Karel Capek. This symbolic melodrama,

presented by the Theatre Guild under the abbreviated title of "R. U. R.," relies for its theme wholly upon the allegorical significance of the Robots, which are manufactured automata. The merit of the play, quite obviously, will depend upon the philosophic pertinence, the imagination and maturity of its symbolic conception, rather than upon its novelty or its daring, its intricate realism or its violent but effective melodrama. Yet the play will doubtless be accepted by some and rejected by others because of its appeal to the emotions, because of its harsh, nervous stimulation, its "end of the world" thrill and its rather crude and questionable radicalism.

The play has the merit of attempting to bring light into our closed and complacent minds. It portrays a future that is vital and dramatic for us because we see revealed in it the logical conclusion of our present mechanistic tendencies. The red flare of its climax casts lurid and satiric shadows. Yet, unfortunately, the effect is only momentary, and we perceive at once that we have been led astray by a dramatic simplification that lacks reality. The symbolism loses force as its intuitive power wanes, leaving only an artificial elaboration. Like the mechanical Robots which can be unscrewed in the dissecting-room, the symbolism of the play can be too easily taken apart. It lacks that mysterious cohesion between action and substance which is life, whether it be in the drama or in nature.

The Robots are endowed with knowledge and skill. They do the work of the world. Their knowledge, however, does not lead to comprehension; they have the power of perception but not the ability to experience emotion. Like machines, they lack volition and are capable of doing only the tasks for which they are designed. We begin to think that they must represent the ultimate perfection of the machine, for they make human labour unnecessary. However, for some inscrutable reason, they appear to be differentiated like human beings, into male and female; though, to be sure, we are informed that they are purely mechanical automata and incapable of reproduction. Their sterility is intended to represent the final complete dependence of labour upon its masters; for the Robots, of course, symbolize the ultimate mechanization of the proletariat. Yet their physical extinction, contingent upon the will of their creators, seems a meagre and unsatisfactory symbol for the spiritual death of a mechanized proletariat.

The action of the play takes place on an island where the Robots are manufactured. Helena Glory, the daughter of the President of the company and a member of the Humanity League, visits the island for the purpose of arousing the Robots to a realization of their slavery. Sharing our doubts that their nature is purely mechanical, she feels certain that they have souls. The general manager of the factory offers to have a Robot dissected to prove that they are only machines—highly developed marvels of ingenuity. The head of the Physiological and Experimental department, the Engineer General, the Chief of Psychological Training and the Head of the Works Department are amused by her faith: they know better. Finally, they all go to prepare a dinner for her, since the Robots, lacking a sense of taste, can not be trusted to season the food. Here the symbol of labour devoid of sensibility is achieved, but the action of the play creaks. During their absence the General Manager proposes marriage to the representative of the Humanity League, who accepts him in precisely two minutes. Thus the reformers of society are won over by being absorbed.

At the end of the first act one is still left somewhat in doubt concerning the precise meaning of the Robots. One's mind inevitably drifts to Samuel Butler's description of the machines in "Erewhon." This doubt has a carefully calculated effect of dramatic suspense. One recalls that human labour has been superseded by the mechanical Robots. Yet it is borne in upon one that labour has in reality been transformed into a huge mechanism under the pressure of modern industrialism. It is obvious that the machine and labour are converging. The machine in its increasing subtlety and adaptability is becoming almost human; on the other hand, labour is becoming more and more mechanized. The Robots appear to be the culmination of the process, and it is no longer possible to tell whether they are the one or the other. The effect is ghastly and profound. Nothing in the play quite equals it in dramatic force. Unfortunately the force of the symbolism is lost in further elaboration, and such inward vitality as the play thus far possesses is dissipated in melodrama and in a faulty, inartistic realism; until finally, in an epilogue which strikes one as bordering on the inept, the symbolism becomes altogether attenuated and confused.

Ten years elapse between the first and second acts. During that time the demand for Robots has increased until human labour is altogether unnecessary. Governments, seeing the superior qualities of the Robots for their armies and navies, have increased the demand. The earth is peopled by Robots and the birth of human beings has almost ceased. Endless war has swelled still further the demand for Robots; yet the managers of the factory, despite their stupendous success in filling the demand, are gravely perturbed by rumours concerning the behaviour of the Robots. Everywhere they are organizing and revolting. They have seized the factories, the railways, the mines, and the steamships. It is the universal revolution of the workers. Utterly outnumbered and incapable of defence, human beings have everywhere been slaughtered. Alquist alone, the head of the Works Department of "R.U.R.," is spared, for, like the Robots, he works with his hands. But one gets the distinct impression, amid the wild and savage melodrama of this climax, that he is spared for the author's epilogue, only to become, in the end, distractingly unnecessary.

The two acts during which all this takes place are not lacking in striking though rather obvious effects; but the symbolism progresses by a kind of mechanical ingenuity. The difficulty with the Robots arose, apparently, because Dr. Hallemeir, head of the psychological department, changed the formula for their composition and endowed them with "irritability." These Robots became leaders through whom the revolution was organized. Dr. Hallemeir professes to have done this in the interests of pure scientific experiment. In deviating from the practical demands of his work, he has become a traitor to his class; applied science created the Robots—pure science has liberated them. Thus the seeds of the revolution are sown by the master class itself; by Helena whose humanitarian instincts revolted against the mechanization of the world; by Dr. Hallemeir whose efforts towards more subtle psychological adjustment resulted in Robots who were superior to their tasks.

There is much else in these two acts touching upon the conditions and tendencies of the world to-day. By implication the whole fabric of our in-

dustrial civilization is revealed; nor are these implications devoid of truth. They lack, however, the poetic insight and suggestiveness that would compensate for the inevitable incompleteness of any panorama of the future, and that is indispensable in a symbolic presentation of it. The play builds upon the truth, but without that intuitive sense of perspective which would convert it into reality. Its simplification does not lay bare and clarify the issues that are broached; actually it confuses and falsifies. To carry a symbolic idea to its logical conclusion, is to forget, as often as not, the precise kind of world we live in. It is an essentially pseudo-dramatic device; nor can the situation be improved by elaborating upon the external realism of the play. When Helena plays the piano while the attack of the Robots is imminent and one of the characters says ruefully that there was not enough music in their lives, one recognizes the fact but one does not realize it. This is not art but mere statement. The imaginative force and significance underlying the whole symbolic structure of the play is progressively weakened by this sort of mechanical externality. To say that the play is interesting comes perilously near, in this case, to saying that it fails.

Certainly the epilogue does not save it. The Robots, having conquered the world, now realize that they have also destroyed themselves, for, being unable to reproduce, they have sealed their doom in destroying their creators. They plead with Alquist, the one human being whom they have spared—the one member of the firm who, with ironic fatality had never approved of making them—to give them the secret of their composition. Helena, however, has burned the formula, and Alquist is no scientist. The situation is desperate. In the hope of aiding the distracted and despairing Alquist, the leaders offer themselves for dissection. Their weird shrieks attest to their sensibilities, and, incidentally maintain the melodramatic flavour of the preceding act; beyond that—nothing! There is a momentary lull in the play, which is not devoid of a certain refreshing, even imaginative quality. Two young Robots, Helena and Primus, come in. They play. They even laugh, and, in their subdued delight in everything about them, they discover that they are not the same—they are different! Their difference is the birth of individuality. Love flames once more in the world, and the Robots are saved.

Labour, to be sure, knows the secrets of procreation. What the proletariat lacks, perhaps, is the creative impulse; yet the symbolism of the play leads to a logical conclusion that is wholly inexact. Creativeness is destined to save man, not from extinction, but from spiritual death. It is here that the play seems weakest. A profounder and more searching drama of the mechanization of life—and there are few themes more dramatically potent,—would have revealed the universal tragedy of human debasement rather than the dubious calamity of human extinction, or the triumph of a proletariat which miraculously saves itself by inheriting the virtues without the vices of its masters. Creativeness is of the essence of life, or rather, creativeness is the surplus of life which alone gives spiritual significance to it, and labour, like everything else human, can not survive without it; yet the very mechanization by which labour is increasingly being moulded destroys this creativeness. Here is a dynamic and tragic conflict, full of terror and irony.

Instead of revealing this inner catastrophe on a plane of terrible and tragic drama, the play descends into devious and unreal melodrama, which, at best, brings a confused message of hope mingled with a sterile admonition.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES.

SIRS: The week of 22 to 28 October was Baltimore Week in this part of the world. The street cars carried posters telling us that Baltimore was the "city of opportunities," or words to that effect. The poster showed an imposing row of factories. (I took them to be factories, though their general outline was more suggestive of grain-elevators.) Apparently the opportunities offered, then, are those of working in factories, hours not stated but doubtless more than forty-four per week. Each factory (or grain-elevator) was spouting large clouds of steam and smoke—the steam being accurately pictured as white, the smoke as black. What perfect symbolism: clouds of black smoke to show how dirty the city is, and the clouds of both steam and smoke to suggest industrial waste and inefficiency. Doubtless the Baltimore Rotarians were back of this drive for Boosting Beautiful Baltimore. Either they had a sense of humour for a moment when they had the poster designed (which I doubt), or they were not alert when the "artist" submitted his design (which is more likely). But then, so many people think, or pretend to think, that working in a factory is a great opportunity (for some one else), that the poster seems, on the whole, to have passed without comment. I am, etc.,
Roland Park, Maryland.

J. S. S., JUN.

WE STAND UNCORRECTED.

SIRS: In your article "A Bill Against Divorcement" of 18 October you use between dashes the exclamation "*Gott soll hüten!*" Of course, I am glad that you frequently show reverence for my mother tongue by throwing in a slab of it now and then in your articles, but your writing is such that even a small slip like the above always annoys one. The correct way of using the above is "*Gott solls verhüten*," or better yet, "*was Gott verhüten soll*."

Now whatever you do, do not tell me that you knew this all along, but did not use it in order not to show your wisdom all at once. I am, etc.,
Portland, Oregon.

F. W. HOCHSCHEID.

WE can only infer that our correspondent does not know the idiom of New York's Jew of the East Side; and we hasten to add that we ourselves do not know it half as well as we wish we did, but only well enough to guess how rich and picturesque it is. If our correspondent will wander down Grand Street some evening when he comes this way, we think he can soon satisfy himself that our phrase is correct, classical and shipshape; or if he will give himself the rare treat of perusing the works of an absolute master of that idiom and dialect, Mr. Montague Glass, he will come to the same conclusion. Indeed, it was the popularity of Mr. Glass's work which led us to use this phrase, taking for granted that every one would at once identify it.—EDITORS.

MISREPRESENTED GERMANY.

SIRS: I have been a faithful reader of the *Freeman* from the very first number, and there is not a number in which I do not find something that interests me very much indeed. But I must tell you (it is simply my duty as a German to do so) that whatever the *Freeman* says about this poor starving country is totally wrong and misunderstood. Granted that the Germany of these days is difficult to understand; it is even more so for foreigners like Mr. Macgowan or Mr. Muir and others who come over for a trip! Besides, you print only articles from pacifists, Czechs, Jews, Viennese and Prague journalists, etc., but never a single one by a real German. You know well that nobody is less anti-Semitic than I am. For twenty-five years I was a close friend of Walther Rathenau, Israel Zangwill, Sholem Asch and Pinski, in short of all the leading Jew: of every shade of opinion. You know that I am not reactionary—quite contrariwise, as Alice said.

Now then, it simply makes me sick to see how superficially everything German is treated in the *Freeman*. Take that article of Mr. Macgowan's about "Masse-Mensch" in the issue of 4 October. I do not refer to what he says about the play—that is perfectly all right—but to what he says at the beginning and at the end. He impresses the ignorant reader with something totally wrong. Nearly every word there misrepresents something. "Mr. Eisner was murdered by the reactionaries." In fact, Eisner was shot by a fanatic single-handed, not by plotters. Besides, Eisner, who was not even a naturalized German, gave with his most infamous falsifications of

the official German papers which he published, the biggest reason for the peace-terms of Versailles, which will break not only Germany's neck, but surely that of all Europe. Mr. Toller, a student, was not Secretary of Justice of the Communist Munich Government, but the leader of the camp-followers of that regime who never fought, but murdered harmless prisoners, men and women, including two old friends of mine. By a very lucky mistake, Mr. Toller was not condemned to death, as his real murderings, etc., were found out only after the verdict, and the Government did not want, for political reasons, to have another trial, but was only sent to a fortress. He, like many of his friends, is not in a Munich jail but in a camp like Fort Oglethorpe. How he is treated you can judge by the fact that he can write plays there. Do you suppose that anybody could have written a play in Fort Leavenworth, or even at Fort Oglethorpe or Fort Douglas, where the Germans in the United States were interned? Surely not. But perhaps unwillingly, Mr. Macgowan makes a hero to your readers out of Mr. Toller (a not untalented, but surely quite second-rate dramatist, such as we have by the dozen, these days), and of Mr. Eisner, who was nothing but a third-rate journalist who mistook politics for a novel, as Mirabeau said. Mr. Macgowan's idea is that "Masse-Mensch" is taboo for German theatres—still it was given and had a big success! But this fact is a little otherwise: Just because Mr. Toller is in jail and famous as a Red captain, he has in this country (as he would have everywhere else, I suppose) big advertising, and it is only for that reason that his plays are given.

Well, let that be enough. I would only like you to have once in a while an article by somebody who really knows, who sees things clearly and is not prejudiced. I am, etc.,

Düffeldorf, Germany.

HANNS HEINZ EWERS.

WE wish we could get such articles. Germany is the one country from which, for some reason, we have been able to get almost nothing—except about the origins of the war and the distresses of the peace.—EDITORS.

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

SIRS: It would seem impossible to bring up children without a boggy-man or two in the offing. Few parents realize that the boggy-man is testimony to their inefficiency as educators: lacking the ability to command respect and obedience they resort to a disgusting subterfuge and secure, through invoking fear—which injures the child—the response which comes quite simply to the parent who has a little natural dignity and some knowledge of genetic psychology.

Likewise we have Governments aiming at national solidarity by means of "menaces." The attitude of the great nations towards Russia since the revolution is a good illustration. The lowest order of imagination seems to be the most fecund, just as mental defectives are much more fertile than normal persons. So Governments, hanging on to power by their teeth, invent many goblins wherewith to frighten little voters into maintaining them in office. Russia was a bad, bad man: murdered nice good royalists, nationalized ladies, stole noblemen's property, wouldn't pay France for the groceries, was raising an army to do some one harm and—well, they're just Russians, anyhow.

In Russia itself, under the tsarist regime, a veteran red-herring was the Jewish peril: according to official formula charges of ritual murder would be brought—a Christian child killed to meet a supposititious Jewish ceremonial need—the expected riots would follow, and the stage was set for the execution of such a plan as the police had in mind when the murder-machinery was started. In the Near East, all common sense is forgotten when the masters of our political destiny haul out the allegations of wholesale slaughter of Armenian Christians by infidel Turks. Humane persons, naturally, are shocked by deliberate killing of any kind, whether in a religious war or in one of the standard, legitimate variety. It is a subject that can be contemplated only with great horror. Sometimes, however, one wonders whether the stories are true, and if true, what the underlying facts are. Not that any set of facts would lessen the world's shock, but it might explain things.

If we would only measure events that are reported from a distance by the standard that our knowledge of occurrences at home affords, how different might be our judgments! Our own Government has terrified us into sleep by rattling ossified bogies—witness the "menaces" on which changes are rung—bolshevism, communism, pacifism. The Government and its Burnses paralyse us into chilly apprehension by stories of the depredations and foul deeds of the confessors of these abhorred creeds, until an occasional ingenuous person investigates and learns that the stories, as far as they relate to conspiracy and organized violence, have about as much substance as the king's shirt in Andersen's fairy tale.

In September, 1914, a ghost-army of Russians was landed in England on its way to fight in the Allied cause. People actually saw it; they said so. The whole country, the whole world, discussed it seriously. Yet it existed no more than did Richard Middleton's ghost-ship. Such is the credulity of the intelligent masses! Is it any wonder that Americans, ordinarily intelligent, were led into believing the possibility of an invasion by Germans when all of German shipping that was not engaged in seeking cover was bottled up? Is it any wonder that millions of people are decoyed into voting for candidates who advocate a high tariff, rigidly restricted immigration, laws against Catholicism, and other policies that grow out of the fear which is ignorance? The boggy-man will get you if you don't watch out! I am, etc.,

D. I.

BOOKS.

ELIZABETH'S ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE late ambassador to Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. Walter Hines Page, amazed by the strange manners of the English, exclaims, in his "Letters," that at any time the records of one of the mistresses of a dead King, brought to light in a fat volume, will interest that public, the centre of whose social life is London. This is true enough.

The British public never seems to grow tired of Nell Gwynn, while Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale excite only a moderate degree of attention. When one remembers how respectable the English desire to seem, no matter what they do, this seems to be a paradox. Perhaps nothing is more enlightening on this point than the example of the cockney, who, grown rich, had determined to have paneled portraits of some of the very disreputable ladies of Hampton Court put into his dining-room. His decorous feminine relatives remonstrated. "But," he said, "the decorator says it is a Stuart room." Then he brightened up, and settled the question—"I will make it a Tudor room," he said, "and put in Henry VIII and his women!" He did this, and the claims of respectability were satisfied.

One of the chief merits of this graphically painted sketch¹ of the circle around the Virgin Queen is that it is well documented. No reader can be left in doubt for a moment as to who is who. When Kate and Philadelphia Carey are mentioned among the earlier maids, we are told that they were related to the Queen through her aunt, their mother, Lady Hunsdon, who was a sister of Anne Boleyn; and we discover that Lettice and Cecilia Knollys were the daughters of Sir Francis Knollys and his wife, Catherine Carey, daughter of Mary Boleyn. Very often, in books of this kind, we are obliged to waste our time and patience in distinguishing one person from another. The author, by the use of time and patience herself, has increased the value of her book by not leaving us in any doubt about the individuality of her characters. She has one bad habit, however, probably borrowed from the detestable method of Froude. She tells us that, "One soft April evening when the silvery Thames rippled invitingly between its banks, Elizabeth with her retinue entered the gilded State barge, manned by liveried oarsmen, and rowed up towards the city." There are several imaginative passages like this. The state of the weather and the ripples of the Thames are mere useless ornaments; it may have been a misty day, as it probably was, when Queen Elizabeth imitated Cleopatra. These mildly purpled patches went out of fashion with Froude; and if an historian can not accurately "document" the weather, he had better let it alone.

The proud Queen of England is here a very pathetic figure. As a monarch of twenty-five, she had a certain amount of good looks. She danced well; she had an aptitude for instrumental music, and, like her cousin Mary, Queen of Scots, her equally unhappy relative, Lady Jane Grey, and her predecessor, Mary Tudor, she was as well instructed in the sciences and languages as Sir Philip Sidney or any gentleman of his time.

She had a keen eye for dramatic effect. On gala occasions a group of well-born and highly educated virgins, attired in white and silver, arranged themselves around the Queen, and made a charming background for her; but all was not silver that glittered. The entrancing spectacle of the splendid Queen, a gorgeous flower in the centre of white and red rosebuds, was only a spectacle of virgins resolved to be wives as soon as they could find the proper man.

Queen Elizabeth denounced marriage as an evil. Of one thing she was sure, although there is no record that she expressed this opinion, that she herself had too many stepmothers—she was determined, unlike her father, the late King Harry, not to be the most famous amateur in matrimony in Christendom. The Queen had a habit of slapping those young ladies who disagreed with her on the subject of marriage. On one occasion, she used her fists with such readiness that she broke the finger of one of these gentle virgins who showed a tendency towards serious flirtation.

Elizabeth herself did not hesitate to act on the theory that she was really the sun, the one bright particular star, the "fair vestal thronèd in the West," as Shakespeare named her. It is understood that all her flirtations were platonic. But she looked with suspicion on any attention paid by the courtiers, old or young, to any of her garden of girls. As she grew older, the flowers of the garden grew younger. Love laughs at locksmiths and has no respect for Queens. The Queen would not admit that she was appearing old. In fact, the older she grew, the younger, in her own estimation, she appeared, and the picturesque circle in white and silver was made up of the daughters and granddaughters of the young creatures who had, formerly, made her court a "very glen o' the May."

As it was, the sex-morality of the court or of English aristocratic society in general, was not at all different from what it had been under Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. The Duke of Feria tells us that Henry VIII sent a gentleman over to the establishment of Catherine of Aragon and his discarded daughter, Mary, to find out whether the conversation was as "free and liberal" as that of the ladies of his own court. He was amazed, and perhaps edified, to discover that it was painfully decorous. Robert, Earl of Essex, son of Lettice Knollys, a former maid of honour, and Walter, Earl of Essex—like most of the noblemen of his time—walked in the primrose path, but the Queen continued to love him, although he was married to Frances Walsingham, Sir Philip Sidney's widow. The news of this secret marriage had come out and Elizabeth was in despair, until the attentions of Essex to the prettiest of the maids of honour, Lady Mary Howard, excited her furious anger. It was one of the grievances of the Queen that these pert maids would dress, whenever they had an opportunity, as well as she—and she was very splendid; silk stockings first became the fashion in England in her time. A pair was made for her by a sympathetic attendant and she swore that she would never wear any other stockings but those of silk. They were part of the royal prerogative; but the maids of honour did not let them long remain so.

¹ "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, and Ladies of the Privy Chamber." Violet A. Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$5.00.

Lady Mary Howard was delighted with the attentions of Essex, and she had a new velvet dress made, embroidered with such pearls that many were moved to envy. The other maids of honour warned her that it was too conspicuous to be part of a mere background. Essex noted the girl, in the dress, and his attention wandered from the Queen. In her rage, Elizabeth sent for the gown and tried it on. She admitted that it was a beautiful creation, and wearing it, she marched into the drawing-room of the maids of honour.

The girls, looking up from their work and books, beheld an astonishing sight. Lady Mary Howard's dress undoubtedly—they recognized it immediately—but instead of Lady Mary's piquant little face, framed by a lace ruff, they beheld the painted features of their mistress, whilst the diminutiveness of the gown revealed more than was comely of bare arm and silk-stockinged legs. There was a glint in the Queen's eye, too, that betokened trouble, and the girls inwardly thanked their stars that they did not stand in Lady Mary's embroidered slippers.

The Queen demanded how the young ladies liked her "new fancy suit"; and then she stopped before Lady Mary and asked her if it was not made "short and ill-becoming." Lady Mary agreed that it was. "Why, then," snapped the Queen, "if it becomes not me as being too short, I am minded that it shall never become you, as being too fine. So it fitteth neither well." Lady Mary never saw her frock again; but how she managed to irritate the Queen, who was sick at heart at the treachery of Essex and filled with the horror of old age and death, Miss Wilson tells us with vivacity.

Mary Fitton—she herself spells her own name, "Phytton," sometimes mentioned as the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets—was greatly admired, platonically in this case, by her guardian, Sir William Knollys, who was already over fifty, and had a wife living. She was an arrogant coquette; she led her ancient admirer on, but when he had toothache and complained of his sufferings she went off to bed without bidding him good night. He did not approve of the new dance called the "Merry Volte." It was the Elizabethan "jazz."

Young Lord Herbert had been brought to court to supplant the disgraced Earl of Essex in the affections of the Queen, who was then nearly seventy; but Mary Fitton met him more than half way. Lord Herbert, who had become Earl of Pembroke, refused to marry Mary—as he should have done to make an honest man of himself—and the Queen, who was above all, respectable, banished him from the court. In spite of this disgrace Mary afterwards married William Polewhele and John Lougher. In fact, there was great "spaciousness" in the days of Queen Elizabeth!

The most terrible blow fell upon the Queen when she discovered that Essex, whose execution she would have stayed, had sent her the ring she gave him, and that "Kate Carey," the best beloved of all her maids had deliberately failed to deliver the token. The Queen seized the dying woman by the shoulder, crying as she shook her, "God may forgive you, but I never can." Miss Wilson's panorama of the English Court is thoroughly well done; and the accompanying photographs from extremely rare pictures, give it a unique value. It is not to be classed among those pretty books, mere collections of well-known passages from history, exchanged on Christmas or on birthdays. It is amusing; it makes one sad at times, for it is so pathetically human; it is a little candle, well-trimmed, illuminating corners of the corridor of history.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A PRISONER OF FLEET STREET.

ONE of my college friends was accustomed to complain in a gently pathetic tone, of the slight margin by which he commonly failed of success. He was always being elected vice-president of the student organizations or winning second prizes in closely fought contests. If he had been less capable, less ambitious, or less unlucky, he would have been happier. He was ever on the verge of achievement, but he never quite passed over.

I am reminded of my friend by Mr. G. B. Burgin's two volumes of highly digestible reminiscences.¹ Mr. Burgin is listed as the author of some sixty novels and romances, of which one, "The Shutters of Silence," went through thirty-nine editions. He discourses charmingly of literary and journalistic life in London, and his accounts of Asia Minor and Eastern Canada are models of the art of travel-writing. He relates anecdotes without number, most of them good. He flits from topic to topic with the agility of an after-dinner speaker, and is never dull. He moralizes about people (and he has known almost every one in London who was worth knowing), about the literary craft, about life. He reveals the qualities of the most delightful of companions. I can imagine him in an easy chair before a fire on a chilly London evening, talking on and on, an entertaining as well as a lovable man.

Yet there is a pathos about Mr. Burgin's two volumes of memoirs, as there was about my friend's almost-realized ambitions. It is the pathos which always clings to memoirs of this sort, the sadness of a man who never reveals his inner self to others, because he dare not reveal it to himself. I think of Mr. Burgin as fleeing to the shelter of lights, dinner tables, open fires, hosts of friends, not because he rejoices in them, but because without them he would be virtually nonexistent; and also because he wants to forget the five dozen novels that he really wrote, and the two or three that he should have written.

Sixty novels is a huge chore, even for a long working life. I should like to know how Mr. Burgin surmounted this formidable task, together with the social-secretarial and journalistic activities in which he also engaged. I should particularly like to know of what raw material, and how assembled, he constructed these multifarious fabrics. But of this there is too little in his memoirs. He notes that the author who must meet his tradesmen's bills has to 'devote the morning to novels, the afternoon to 'columns,' the evening to stories,' but he does not tell how the thing is done, and how one feels when doing it.

Few authors of the first rank write as many as sixty novels. That fate falls to those hapless mortals who must produce more units of output because the value of the unit is smaller. Not all of this can be the labour of love. There must have been days when the optimistic Mr. Burgin, squared off at his desk, beginning or finishing a novel, was far indeed from taking joy in his work. As I read his reminiscences, I wished he would let the public in on the secret of those days. I wished he would curse the journalistic bedlam in which, for that slow precipitation of thought upon experience which is the only proper material for literature, is substituted the frantic laying of words end to end, like rails on an interminable nightmare-railway. But he does not curse; he is merely sentimental, humorous and wistful. Fleet Street, with its standards of quantity-production, has become his prison, until at last, as with the prisoner of Chillon, his very chains and he are friends.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

AN ENGLISH SAMSON.

WHO would have predicted that the efforts of a Liverpool clerk would overthrow an established system of colonial government, supported by the prestige of a crowned head and by all the obdurate far-reaching power of modern vested interests? Yet such was Mr. E. D. Morel's² achievement in his contest with Leopold, King of the Belgians.

¹ "Memoirs of a Clubman." "More Memoirs and Some Travels." G. B. Burgin. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00 Each.

² "E. D. Morel. The Man and His Work." F. Seymour Cocks. With an introduction by Colonel Wedgwood. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

Mr. Cocks's biographical sketch of this remarkable man shows him to be the child of a Franco-British alliance, his father being French and his mother English. He was educated at Eastbourne and Bedford, and at an early age became a clerk in a great West African trading-house in Liverpool. It was thus that his interests first became involved with those of Africa. In his reminiscences we read:

There was something very huge and mysterious about the whole subject which exercised an increasing fascination over my mind. Liverpool was full of West African traditions—mostly evil ones. It had been Bristol's rival in the slave-trade. The office was always full of black men, stokers and others, coming up for their pay. . . . To watch a steamer unload her endless barrels of palm-oil, bags of kernels, bags and casks of rubber, elephants' tusks, huge mahogany logs and so on, always sent a thrill of excitement down my back.

His imagination having once been fired in this way, he set about reading all that he could find upon his favourite subject. Such study became a kind of obsession with him, and so exhaustive were his researches that his articles in various journals soon won for him a position of authority in all matters that had to do with the Gold Coast.

In 1885, Leopold, King of the Belgians, had taken the Congo under his protection "for the purpose of promoting the civilization and commerce of Africa and for other humane and benevolent purposes." In reality, under his crafty and malign influence there had been inaugurated as sinister a system of profit-making as had ever been invented by unscrupulous commercial avarice. By a single stroke of his pen Leopold had deprived the natives of their land and reduced a population of twenty-five million to the status of slavery. The astonished and distracted savages were powerless before his gunboats and armed legions, and found themselves delivered up into the hands of villainous concessionaire-companies. To the outside world no hint was given of what was happening in those far-off forests. Traders belonging to other nations who were found in the doomed area were either evicted or shot. So high was the quota of "red rubber" to be delivered by the wretched black men that they had not even time to sow their land, and many died of starvation. If there was the least decrease in the rubber collected, soldiers were sent out to terrorize the district, and often as a proof of the energetic action they had taken, basket-loads of human hands would be brought into the Government posts. It was estimated afterwards that Leopold's "benevolent purposes" reduced the number of Negroes in the Congo basin by ten million souls. Meanwhile, he and a handful of Belgian financiers grew fabulously rich. What was it to them where the money came from which they spent so lavishly in frivolous Brussels?

In spite of the utmost secrecy, however, rumours of what was going on kept circulating in Europe. Sailors who loitered on the quays and docks of the various ports had ghastly stories to tell; and now and again in drawing-rooms an outraged missionary would appear with horrible tales on his lips. Mr. E. D. Morel grew suspicious; he examined the trade-statistics and the figures appalled him. Normally, the trade-statistics of an undeveloped tropical African colony should show an excess of imports over exports, but on looking into the Congo figures Morel found the reverse to be the case. Such a state of affairs could have come about only by one means: slavery. Morel set himself to right this wrong. He formed a society, held meetings, wrote books and articles, and eventually raised such strong feeling throughout the civilized world that he was the means of bringing the atrocious system to an end.

The last chapters of the book are devoted to Mr. Morel's attitude towards the late war. To him it seemed absurd to place the whole odium of the catastrophe upon Germany. In his opinion, the war was the direct outcome of the clash of economic interests operating through the secret and irresponsible diplomacy of imperialist nationalism. He became instrumental in organizing a society called the Union of Democratic Control, the main purpose of which was to establish public control of national

foreign policy and abolish secrecy in its conduct. In 1917 he was arrested for violating the Defence of the Realm Act and served six months imprisonment. The charge brought against him was based upon a letter he had written to a friend, asking her to smuggle a copy of his book, "Africa and the Peace of Europe," into Switzerland as a gift to M. Romain Rolland. His conviction was as shameful and scandalous a proceeding as any in the annals of imperialism. Speaking in the House of Commons, Colonel Wedgwood declared, "It is a real national disgrace that we have put Mr. Morel in prison. . . . E. D. Morel has become unpopular. But because he is unpopular I think it would be a disgrace to our country . . . to forget . . . the debt of gratitude which the world owes to this man." He was released in 1918 and once more has resumed his struggle against the injustices and evils of imperialism. Mr. Morel is a great man, a good man, an invaluable man.

LLWELYN POWYS.

THE ART OF LOVE.

THE Western European peoples differ from many Asiatic peoples, in that they suffer from the quaint notion that in matters of sex, instinct alone can be trusted. Instinct will indeed join people together; but it no more guarantees a lasting satisfaction out of their relationship than the instinct of hunger guarantees a satisfactory dinner. No one fancies that the instinct of hunger will take the place of the art of cooking; and it is equally stupid to think that the sexual instinct will express itself adequately and finely without an art of love. This is a point which Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons makes in her article on sex, in the recent symposium called "Civilization in the United States," and it is reinforced with a fine lucidity by Mr. Havelock Ellis in a little volume which sums up the results of a lifelong study of sex in all its manifestations.

Mr. Ellis's book,¹ and to a lesser degree Miss Royden's series of sermons,² are both welcome for the reason that they turn attention away from the purely negative treatments of the subject that have been so popular in recent years. From the sty of ignorance and prudery which we call Victorianism it was indeed necessary to rescue ourselves; and probably the first step of fixing attention upon the physical structure of sex and the rudimentary principles of hygiene, was a helpful one. Unfortunately the writers who took this step were unwilling or unable to go farther. The attitude towards sex that some of our modern moralists have had, might be summed up as: Know the worst, and forget about it! This is the attitude which the United States Public Health Service still fosters; and it is time to urge that it is too unappreciative to promise much for a fuller and more humane life. They do not see, these hygienists, that in turning their backs on what is loathsome in sexual relations, they are also rejecting what is good. Their desire to ostracize Venus Meretrix is pitiful, for the only method of driving her out is by worshipping more wholeheartedly the divinity who was born out of the sea. In prosier words, the way to efface what is gross or undisciplined in the sexual relation is by giving the opportunity for the roots of passion to find their way to every part of our being.

There has been enough talk perhaps about the responsibilities of sex; in this department an ounce of preventive knowledge is worth a pound of exhortation. It is time to emphasize the irresponsibilities of love, time to insist that if in work man finds his dignity as a man, in play he finds his fulfilment as one of the gods. Here is where Mr. Ellis speaks with a clarity and an eloquence that deserve quotation:

In the play-function of sex two forms of activity, physical and psychic, are most exquisitely and variously and harmoniously blended. . . . Lovers in their play—when they have been liberated from the traditions which bound them to the trivial or the gross conception of play in love—are thus moving amongst the highest human activities, alike of the body and of the soul. They are passing to each other the sacramental chalice which imparts the deepest joy that men and women can know. . . . And if in the end—as

¹ "Little Essays of Love and Virtue." Havelock Ellis. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

² "Sex and Common Sense." A. Maude Royden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

may or may not be—they attain the climax of free and complete union, then their human play has become one with that divine play of creation in which old poets fabled that out of the dust of the ground and in his own image, some God of Chaos once created man.

This emphasis upon the personal basis for an enduring relationship between a man and a woman is worth a whole barrelful of penny tracts on the moral and legal aspects of a union. In so far as a love-relation is complete, in so far as it involves a fuller sharing of goods and interests, the result is favourable to marriage in the sense that it is defined by Professor Edward Westermarck as the more or less permanent tie between a male and female, lasting up to and including the birth of offspring. The sign and seal of a genuine marriage are the children that it brings forth. Heretofore we have relied upon notions of duty and legality to foster a marriage and make it secure; and for a considerable time duty and legality will probably serve as a safeguard for the thoughtless and the ignorant and the improvident; but there is no means by which a legal fiction can be made into a fact, and unless the realities of a union are present, all the good will and sincerity in the world will not prevent a mismarriage from either dissolving or remaining a source of exacerbation.

Here is where those who, like Miss Maude Royden, in the face of the dissociation of the sexual act from procreation, plead for no other kind of union than a legally-sanctioned monogamy, have, I think, lost their bearings. Marriage as status is a relationship which guarantees certain legal privileges such as the support of offspring by the father, a right to a certain portion of the deceased husband's estate, and so forth. For economically free men and women marriage as status holds no attraction whatever. On the other hand, marriage as a sacrament is a purely private relationship. As Mr. Havelock Ellis points out, the Church, before the Council of Trent, recognized this aspect of marriage and admitted that the sacrament was not effected by the priest but by the men and women who lived in wedlock. The notion that there is need for any public recognition of this act is scandalous; if it alters the social relations of the parties concerned, it alters them only with respect to a small group of friends and intimates. There is perhaps some public reason for recognizing the birth of children; but even here, a biennial census would probably serve as well for practical purposes as the most rigorous system of registration.

In short, marriage as a fact remains a private matter; and whether or not it is a fact, is a question which concerns only those who have lived together. To hold that there is anything inherently wrong or immoral in sexual relationships that do not endure, and to hold that a permanent, monogamic marriage is the only blessed and happy state of existence, is to perpetuate a barbarous taboo—a taboo which has resulted in the very ancient dissociation of one group of women, vowed to perpetual wedlock even when love is denied, and another group in whose ephemeral relationships love has never had the chance to enter. Give men and women equal opportunities for genuine economic freedom, and we may trust them to work out their common destinies with an enlightened care for what is worth preserving. Under such a tradition we need not fear that marriage will cease to exist. Only people who have a natural antipathy to children think that the earth would be depopulated if men and women were free to follow their inclinations.

This subject is inexhaustible, and I must leave the reader to carry on his excursions in the two books that are under review. In Mr. Havelock Ellis he will find a scholarship warmly tintured by an experience of life and a study of the humanities; in Miss Royden he will find a certain intellectual honesty which sometimes causes her to state her opponent's case so sympathetically that she destroys her own. It is a happy thing to see Mr. Ellis's long and faithful life work attain the golden pinnacle of these "Little Essays on Love and Virtue." The generation to whom he dedicates this book—with a warning about placing it in the hands of their parents—will rise and call him blessed.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

WHEN a distinguished psychologist and serious man of letters turns for the first time to fiction, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that his first work in so new a field will show the marks of unfamiliarity. Such is not the case of Havelock Ellis with "Kanga Creek,"¹ a slender story of exquisite shading, set down with an exceptional insight and courage. This Australian idyll, as the author calls it, is a love-episode in which the mood of poetry and the method of realism have been brought into complete harmony. The result is something which shows the essential falsity of a great deal of the modern writing which passes for romance. One may say that the story is little more than a fragment, and yet within its limits, Mr. Ellis has set forth the fundamental forces of life with unerring power.

L. B.

THE secret staircase, the forgotten cellar, a trap-door or so, a library of occultism, stealthy footsteps in the dead of night, concealed illegitimacy and murder finally revealed—these are all in the bag of tricks with which the author of "Five Nights at the Five Pines"² offers to entertain for an evening the reader of her book. The show is well managed, performed with such zest that the publishers will not lose any money on it, and many thousands of the people who like this sort of thing will be happily beguiled. Every one will get his money's worth, in fact. But the book's assured success will appear a melancholy failure to the reader who deciphers genuine talent in its palimpsest. The rubber stamp will not conceal from him the personal and living chirography of one who loves writing for its own sake. The illegitimate child of the story (who is hidden away in a secret chamber and finally murdered), will be seen as a symbol of the novel or romance, conceived outside the conventions of the marketable tale, which the author really wanted to write. This, too, would have been a ghost-story inspired by the eloquent decay and gloom of an old house on Cape Cod; but the ghost would have haunted and alarmed in less obvious and more terrifying fashion. Instead of the clap-trap of Gothic romance, one would have had the author's shrewd and humorous and sympathetic observations of a familiar type of decadence to be seen in the backwaters of New England, where every native household harbours almost as many spectres as the number of inmates. But, alas, the House of the Seven Gables has been remodelled into a Castle of Otranto for the tired business man.

E. T. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

A FRIEND'S letter, making casual mention of the sociological writings of Ruskin and William Morris, sent me back for a glimpse of that impassioned and incoherent literature, which I have not looked at for many years. The lapse of time and the course of recent events throw out in clearer relief the utterly appalling amount of damage that these two men did to the cause of reforming English-speaking society, only because they did not know the economic fundamental that *man is a land-animal; he derives his subsistence wholly from land; and without access to land, he can neither work nor live*. What a simple thing that is! how plain it is, how obvious, how completely within the observation and experience of the humblest mind! It is as simple, as easy to understand as all the fundamental things of human life; it is as simple as the formula of Newton, that *gravity varies directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance*; and this formula of Newton covers and accounts for the whole physical order of the universe, to the farthest stretches of space. Every observation and calculation of the relative motion of the spheres, and of all the motion that takes place on the spheres, from the motion of a meteor to the fall of a feather, must be bottomed on that fundamental formula. Just so every observation of the relations of men in society, their political relations, their industrial, commercial and domestic relations, and the exercise of their spiritual faculties—their religion, poetry, music, drama, history, art—must be guided and controlled by knowledge of the economic fundamental that *man is a land-animal; and without access to land, he can neither work nor live*.

BECAUSE these two men did not know this economic fundamental, because they had never considered the immense

¹ "Kanga Creek." Havelock Ellis. Berkshire, England: Waltham Saint, Lawrence.

² "Five Nights at the Five Pines." Avery Gaul. New York: The Century Company. \$1.75.

reach of its implications, they infused so much fantastic nonsense into the movement for social reform in England and America, that the movement spun out into impotence. If I were asked to say who did the most to pervert and muddle the minds of English reformers, even radicals who were reared on the doctrines of Godwin and Cobden, I should without hesitation answer, Carlyle, Morris, Ruskin. Two of these men, at least, were good literary artists; all three were ardent, devoted, captivating; and for lack of knowledge of this simple economic fundamental, which is so commonplace a fact of observation and experience, they succeeded only in making a lamentable and enormous mess of nearly everything that their ardour and devotion touched. One may test them for oneself. With the economic fundamental firmly in mind (and I mean by that, having it in mind in the same vital way that one has the physical fundamental of gravitation always in mind, so that one almost instinctively stands from under a falling body or does not step off heights), with it firmly fixed in mind, I say, that man is a land-animal, and without access to land can neither work nor live, read "Unto this Last" and the "Dream of John Ball." One perceives immediately that their literary value is considerable, and their economics is utter twaddle; in short, they are vicious, perverting, muddling influences, presented in an attractive and prepossessing dress.

My friend's letter set me wondering (and I never thought of it before) how many current plays would run for a single week and how many novels would reach a second printing, if the reading and play-going public knew the economic fundamental in the same vital way that they know the physical fundamental that was formulated by Newton. Imagine, if one possibly can, a play—a serious play, I mean, not satire or burlesque—written by a man who was really ignorant of the practical workings of gravitation. Its characters would do incredibly absurd things; they would get into incredibly absurd situations in an incredibly absurd way, and get out of them just as absurdly; and the audience would be dumbfounded, and when they got through their heads what the matter was, they would roar the thing off the stage. Similarly, it is nothing short of marvellous to see how novelists and playwrights thrive on the ignorance of the public. Take Galsworthy as an example, say in "The Man of Property" and in "Strife" and in "Justice." Take again an author of Fabian or socialist leanings; take Mr. H. G. Wells, or perhaps the worst offender of all, our attractive old friend Mr. George Shaw, and observe the fantastic confusion of ideas, the fantastic confusion of economic terminology, the fantastic inferences and deductions, all which are at once apparent to one who in any vital way knows the economic fundamental that man is a land-animal. Watch the way, or ways, that our popular authors who have a sociological and reforming turn, use such words as *competition*, *wealth*, *wages*, *capital*, *right*, *privilege*, *labour*, and so on. Yet there are critics who say that it is none of the business of playwrights, novelists and essayists to know anything about economics!

THE dramatist and novelist, however, deal with human beings in society. That is their business. One would say, therefore, that it would be an advantage to them to know what human beings fundamentally are, and what are the primary conditions upon which they can exist in society—and this is economics, nothing else. One would suppose particularly that with all the vogue of realism in fiction and the drama, the economic fundamental would be the first thing thought of. History, too, deals with human beings in society. So, professedly, does the absurdly botched and complicated system called economics, that is taught in our colleges and schools. Well, now, all these represent man as a political animal, a social animal, a trading and counting animal, a working, loving, marrying, child-producing animal, and what not; yet not a blessed one of them represents him as a land-animal, or gives a single intimation of him, or of his development, in that capacity. Obviously, however, he is a land-animal, and must be regarded as such before he can be regarded in any other capacity; because his dependence on the

land absolutely conditions his activity or development in any direction. Without access to land, to the one and only source of his subsistence, he can not work at *anything*, except upon some one else's terms, because he can not live. He can not write poems or novels, paint pictures, practice music, exercise any trade or profession, except as some one else allows him the means of livelihood while he does it. Man is a spiritual being—there is no doubt about that. But it is absolutely impossible for him to exercise any form of spiritual activity unless he can by some means keep body and spirit together; and being a land-animal, as long as access to the land is monopolized, he can not keep his body and spirit together except by permission of the monopolist and on the monopolist's terms.

If anyone should see this, if anyone should above all things be interested in seeing it, one would say that it must be the idealist—say of the new Italian school, for instance, which is so taken up with contemplation of man as a spiritual being. One would say that it might be Mr. H. G. Wells, with his passionate desire for the liberation of the human spirit; or that it might be Mr. Sinclair Lewis, with his perfervid and unbecoming contempt for the spiritual womb that bare him and the paps which he has sucked. But no! all these seem to regard life as a series of water-tight compartments. The simple truth is that history, music, literature, art and labour, taken together in a natural admixture, are the essentials of life; knowledge, imagination, rhythm, creative force and craftsmanship, taken together, are the things which go towards making a complete human being—these, exercised in due measure and proportion, bring him out to happiness and a sense of self-fulfilment and reality. But as long as he is not free to develop them and exercise them, he can not be self-fulfilling or happy; and as long as he is cut off from access to the source of his subsistence, he can not develop and exercise them. The idealists may utter all the counsels of perfection that they can think of; the informed critic will simply resent them as an ignorant and inhuman impertinence. The sociologists, pragmatists, Fabians, trade unionists, socialists, may indulge what millennial dreams they will; the fact remains that until man has restored to him the natural right of access to the source of his subsistence, he will never be able to realize himself as a spiritual being or, in the immense majority, become aught but factory-fodder, cannon-fodder, or an insensate part in the mechanism of economic exploitation.

It is those who believe most firmly in the spiritual nature of man, who should above all others understand this and construct their criticism of all life in strict correspondence with their understanding. Whether in history, art, music, poetry, drama, literature, their criticism should reflect this knowledge; for thus, in Plato's phrase, they would be seeing things as they are, and dealing with them as they are. They would be the true realists, and also the true idealists. If I could presume to give them advice, it would not be in my own words. If I might say what I liked to the Faures, the Croces, the historians, critics and students of political economy, it would be but to repeat to them words that they have often read but never applied in the construction of their criticism of life. It is the large and noble utterance of Marcus the Clear-headed—the large utterance of the early gods:

Make for thyself a definition or description of the thing which is presented to thee, so as to see distinctly what kind of thing it is in its substance, in its nudity, in its complete entirety; and tell thyself its proper name and the names of the things of which it has been compounded, and into what it will be resolved. For nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented to thee in life, and always to look at things so as to see at the same time what kind of universe this is and what kind of use everything performs in it, and what value everything has with reference to the whole, and what with reference to man.

If our Faures and Croces, our poets, historians, dramatists, economists, critics, would do *that*—just *that*—we should at once have a new criticism and shortly a new world.

"... weighty sense
Flows in fit words..."

FOR the benefit of readers to whom the FREEMAN may be new, we select a few from the friendly and appreciative letters that are received daily in this office, to testify to the esteem in which constant readers hold this paper.

This is from a professor in an institution of international renown:

"It is most refreshing to find a magazine which does not suffer from that Anglo-Saxon failing, taking politicians seriously. Aside from the personal satisfaction I get from its editorials and articles, I have found it invaluable in my classes at ——— Institute of Technology. It has been a very present help in my attempts to puncture the complacent patriotism of incipient engineers."

The managing officer of an important organization which ramifies throughout America utters this generous word: "They say that a word of appreciation is good for the human soul. If so, then what I would like to tell you about the *Freeman* should extend your life a thousand years. It is the most welcome paper that comes on my desk. I hope that the selected names of our members here which I have just sent to the office of the *Freeman* will aid somewhat in extending your excellent paper's prestige and power."

A teacher, in the best sense of that noble word:

"Enclosed herewith please find \$6.00, to cover my subscription for the current year. The book "How Diplomats Make War," is received, and I shall lend it to some of the local preachers who shouted for wholesale murder during the world war, to warn them never to be guilty of the same crime again. . . . It is a pleasure to commend the *Freeman* as having both economic insight and courage to express its convictions, in these last days of an economically and morally bankrupt social order."

An English author expresses satisfaction with the *Freeman's* review of his book and intimates what he thinks of this paper:

"None of the numerous reviews on this side have given me greater pleasure to read. To be completely understood by the reviewer of one's thesis is a rare experience, and rarer yet, that the blessing should be conveyed through the medium of one's favourite magazine."

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BASHAN is barking his way into the hearts of many FREEMAN readers. More pages from his life, as told by Thomas Mann, will appear in numbers to come.

"Phantom" is approaching its conclusion, yet interestingly enough, we are still instructed by new readers to begin their subscription with the first instalment of Gerhart Hauptmann's novel. The complete book, by the way, is to appear in volume form soon.

Forthcoming issues of the FREEMAN will disclose the editors' solicitude for readers whose interests are as deep as a well and as wide as a church-door, to whose souls the arts are as meat and drink. There will be contributions on music by Lawrence Gilman and three provocative articles under the general title of "The Future of Painting" by Willard Huntington Wright.

It is not too early to suggest that the best Christmas gift for \$6.00 is the FREEMAN for a year. Think of the fifty-two spasms of gratitude you will evoke by giving the recipient the best that America offers in literary journalism! Remember that if your fortunate friend lives in a foreign country it will cost you \$7.00.

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